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THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

MARGARET SLATTERY

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THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

The Highway to Leadership

BY
MARGARET SLATTERY

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*“Out of the shadows of the past,
We move to a diviner light;
For nothing that is wrong can last,
Nothing’s immortal but the Right.”*



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A LEADER — ONE WHO LEADS . . .	3
II. THE EYES THAT SEE	17
III. THE EARS THAT HEAR	31
IV. THE HEART THAT FEELS	45
V. THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS	59
VI. THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES . . .	75
VII. THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT . .	89
VIII. THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES . . .	103
IX. THE WILL THAT PERSISTS	117
X. THE CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM	131

I. A Leader—
One Who Leads

CHAPTER ONE

A LEADER—ONE WHO LEADS

At last spring had come to the Park. It had been long in coming. Perhaps that was why it was greeted with such exuberant joy in the section set apart as a playground. Squeals of delight came from the group at the far end, near the lilac bushes, where "three deep" was in progress. Above all the babel of sounds came snatches of the words that clear soprano voices were chanting, "Go *in* and *out* the window. . . . Go *stand* behind your *lover*." . . . There was a belated game of marbles being played in the only spot where the sun had not yet dried the recent rains—mud and marbles are so hard to separate—who can say why? Across the bridge the older girls were playing volleyball. But the diamond was the noisiest and most popular spot, although for a few moments a ring-tossing game had caused a dispute that rivaled even the ball game in intensity and interest.

I wandered about from one group to another and in every group I found a child who stood out, who directed, who led. There was

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

one girl in the volley-ball group whose decisions were as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Some disagreed, but the majority was with her every time. She was a dark-eyed, intense creature, about thirteen years old. She was without an atom of self-consciousness. The other girls looked at *me*, she looked at *them* and called them back to attention—"Here you, Jean Roper, watch the ball!" Jean did.

In the group where they were patiently going "in and out the window," one little girl said she was not going to play any more. There was general dismay. Then leadership became apparent. A girl of ten, auburn-haired, alert, keen, singing with abandon, suddenly stopped. "You've *got* to play, Marie," she said. "It will spoil the game. You've got to finish it. We're going round four times more." With a most winning smile she added, "After that *you* choose what we'll play, huh?" The remonstrant agreed.

To watch the leaders in the ball game was most fascinating. The boy who led the cheering had not been commissioned cheer leader, but he was one, as the ear-splitting shouts testified. Now and then he turned a complete somersault as a token of approval. But the leader in the game itself was a quiet boy. He was taller than most of the others, a lanky,

A LEADER

homely boy with a way of saying things. They called him Bumps. When all the others had shouted themselves hoarse, he spoke—slowly. A moment of quiet followed. Then the babel again. One lad asked, “Who made *you* umpire?” Bumps answered with, “Aw, come on, fellars, play ball,” and the questioner succumbed and played.

On every playground in America, in the streets of cities, at parties where games are undirected, in clubs, in class meetings, in recitations, when the men-and-women-to-be are still very young, leadership reveals itself.

I wish I might have seen Washington, Lincoln, Lee, Foch, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Nitti, Cardinal Mercier, or Herbert Hoover at their games. I should like to have observed Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Edith Cavell, Alice Freeman Palmer, Maude Ballington Booth, Frances Willard, and many another at play. I am certain that qualities revealed in the hard, serious, all-absorbing game of life, so fraught with good or ill for hosts of their fellows, were there in the early days. Life developed them, great moments of crisis utilized them. To analyze and tabulate those qualities fully, to study them, emulate them and then make certain that a mantle of leadership will fall upon one's own

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

shoulders, I believe is impossible. No one can promise leadership as a prize or a gift. Nevertheless to study those qualities diligently, in such fashion that one may be able to recognize them in the youth about him and direct them into right channels, is possible and highly important; for *leaders who can and will lead their fellows over right paths to the ultimate goal of the welfare of humanity must be found if mankind is not to lose out in the struggle with the things he has himself created and accepted, not as partners, but as masters.* In the search for leaders and in the effort to inspire and train them, one often develops unsuspected qualities of leadership in himself. For this all may hope.

When I go back to my observation of children and youth in their varied relationships to one another and study the leaders among them, I find that invariably the leader has knowledge and is constantly seeking more. He is faithfully searching out new points of the game. A scornful, "Aw, you don't know how to do it yourself!" nips in the bud many a would-be leader who lacks knowledge, as the group turns instinctively to the one it feels does *know*.

Almost without exception the leader *wants* to play the game. Often he is so consumed

A LEADER

with desire for it that he forgets all else. The leader of every group I have ever observed plays with an abandon that leaves no room for consciousness of self. He who plays to the gallery never keeps, for any length of time, his place of leadership. The utter absorption in the thing to be done leaves a leader oblivious of the gallery. If, by some unusual demonstration, he is made conscious of it, the effect is but for the moment, all that he is returns to the thing to be done. It is the combination of knowledge of the goal and an abandon of consecration to the purpose to reach it that gives to the individual his pulling power with the group. Without that pulling power there can never be true leadership—a leader leads, he does not drive. The qualities of leadership wrongly developed create the tyrant.

It is because to so large an extent the natural leaders of groups of men have become intangible, unapproachable, misinterpreted, dehumanized that we have such industrial and economic upheaval with lack of leadership today. A leader leads; and in order to do so he must become a very real, living, actual personality to those who are to follow. They must feel his presence in the game.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

The statement that leaders may be created leaves room for doubt; but there is no room for doubt that they may be discovered, developed and used. In order to meet the great emergencies of the war, we attempted to make leaders. Some of them never led. We could not put into them by any known process the qualities that were utterly lacking. They were in places of leadership—they did not lead. In her hour of need, America discovered that in her youth she had much to alarm and dishearten her, to make her ashamed for past negligence; but she found also that she had much over which she could rejoice. Countless numbers of her youth proved themselves to be the stuff from which leaders are developed. They had some knowledge and were eager for more, they had the abandon of consecration necessary to reach the goal, they were able to give up everything, to put in everything, and to forget themselves. Out of this group, in a surprisingly short time, were developed leaders who were able truly to lead.

We need such leaders now. We need them even more than from 1914 to 1918 and yet, as a nation, we are not as intent upon discovery and development as we were and as we must be if we are to win the greater war in which we are now engaged. Every quarter

A LEADER

of the globe needs men and women who have the knowledge and the consecration of leaders who lead. Both as individual citizens and as organized citizens we should be searching for those who have the qualities of leadership and should be putting forth every effort to develop them.

The public school should be discovering and developing the leaders of the new day which is now emerging from the clouds of the great conflict. The public school could do it if it were free. It is not free. It is handicapped by those who sit in places of leadership but do not lead, those whose political ambitions and selfish purposes weave shackles that hold far-seeing, trained, conscientious men and women to the lock-step. Spend a day with the figures representing the appropriations of the Congress during the past year and see how much by comparison has been given to the development and training of leaders. Spend another day with the appropriations of state legislatures and city governments. Study the manipulations of those who strive for power for personal ends. Note the increasing sectarian suspicion that blots out God and leaves instruction without its highest incentives for action. Note the increasing prejudice of political parties that, for party

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

purposes rather than personal fitness for the task, choose the directors of educational policies.

The public school should be the freest agent on earth to discover, develop, train and send out into life great leaders, and the present dearth of leadership is the inevitable result of the handicap under which it labors.

The church should be another organized effort to discover and develop leaders. A great body of people within the church has for years realized the need of leadership and recognized the fact that, in common with the rest of society, it was failing to meet it. But the church did not realize it to the point of action, and as a whole it does not realize it now. The church does not face fact. If, breaking bounds, its pastor does so now and then, it pats him on the back and tells him not to get excited. "Discussion of such subjects makes for discontent, disagreement and lack of harmony," said a prosperous, complacent churchman to me recently in speaking of his pastor's burning words of reproof to the indifferent in his congregation. Many church people think they love and desire peace and harmony in the church when they only long for ease in Zion! No, the church, as a whole, does not face Fact, especially local and specific

A LEADER

Fact. Therefore it closes the first open door to the discovery of leadership—Facing the Facts.

Of late, there have been most encouraging movements within the church looking toward organized effort to discover and train leaders. If these efforts are not lost in a maze of machinery, they will accomplish much in the next decade. The great office of the church of the present day is to inspire and train for service. It has as yet failed to grasp the full significance and the challenge of its task. To search out youth, to discover young men and women with the qualities of leadership and so inspire them that they will seek opportunity for service that is sane, genuine and nation-building—no organized group could ask for a more fundamental task!

During the Great Conflict, men and women begged for opportunity to serve. They eagerly sought the chance to face cold, hunger and death, inspired by the great call of the hour. When one analyzes the inspiration which can lead to such devoted, self-effacing abandon in service as was witnessed in every battle on land, on sea, or in the air in those great days, he finds that it is very complex, but that a rich history, a great inheritance, high ideals, consciousness of a debt to the

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

past and a debt to the future are always among its component parts. The church has all these to draw upon. The pages of its past and present missionary history alone show records of leadership of which it can be justly proud. More than that, the church has a Person. It has a Leader around whom it can rally its forces, in whom is the greatest challenge and highest idealism of all time. Can it be that he has become intangible, unapproachable, misinterpreted, misunderstood? Can it be that the church has itself missed something of the Person? Yes, it has. The church as a whole has not accepted the spirit of abandonment of self in service which was the passion of its Master.

“I have now given up everything, severed all connection with the things that used to hold me down, turned my back on the things that used to defeat me. I have thrown all I am and all I have into this game. I have lost all fear, and hardships mean so little. *I was never so absolutely happy* in my life, and for the first time I feel as if I know what it means to be a Christian.” So wrote a young man of twenty-three from the trenches. It is no wonder that he became a leader and, in a moment of great crisis, saved a serious situation. He had caught it—the true, re-

A LEADER

ligious motive, the greatest source of inspiration for unselfish service known to man, the deepest source of true leadership.

If the church could only say it—the church as a whole and every individual in it—phrase and phrase as he said it, what a wave of inspiration and power would surge through it and be registered in serious, patient, unremitting search for those who have the qualities of leadership, with adequate means provided to train it and equip it for service!

The hour has come for the church to measure up to the opportunity. Unless it meets the demand, the mass of American childhood and youth, going into battle with life, unguided, inadequately led, unchallenged by the demands of God and the need of men, will fail to win those traits of character without which neither nation nor society can long endure.

America, today, in common with all the world, has many would-be leaders. Some have abused their inherent qualities of leadership and become tyrants—they drive. Some have a wrong purpose—self-serving—and they have become false guides. Many have lost sight of the goal and, serving the moment, have lost power. That is why the world faces the crisis. Great problems with but limited

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

leadership mean slow progress to victory. Because we face the crisis, we must find leaders for the days far ahead. Those days will be harder because the present days found us unprepared. Leaders in embryo were present in every group of children playing in the Park that spring day. Material for leadership we have in abundance. The day when we should bend every energy to develop it is here. The first stretch on the great highway by which we may hope to achieve success is so plain that no individual or organization should fail to discover it. It is made up of three qualities without which leadership is impossible—some *knowledge* and the hunger for more, an abandon of self-effacing *consecration* to the purpose, and a real *passion* for the goal.

*Test so-called leaders of the past and present by these qualities.
Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.
Test yourself.*

II. The Eyes That See

CHAPTER TWO

THE EYES THAT SEE

Eyes that look are very common. They are of every color and of every age. But eyes that see are exceedingly rare. It is the multitude of eyes that look but do not see that are responsible for the present chaos of the world. Eyes that look see *things* only, they do not see men. Eyes that look see *self*, they do not see others.

If the eyes that looked out upon the world during the twenty-five years preceding 1914 had seen the world at which they looked, the story of the Great War would have been postponed for a generation, perhaps need never have been written at all. If the majority of the eyes that look at the world could see, greed and selfishness would not at the present moment be renewing their principles and rendering judgments that mean sources of friction and disaster for the generation now in its cradle.

If we are to discover and train leaders, or if the power of leadership is ever to be developed in ourselves, we must teach eyes that

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

look how to see. Eyes that see are always aware of the human factor. They are unwilling to look at a transaction in the light of expedience only or to measure its value merely in gold. They see in it real opportunity for man's true progress, or they find in it a handicap for his future; and these as a basis determine for them its acceptance or rejection. When Lincoln witnessed the sale of a black girl on the block as a slave, he saw the strong with the weak as his victim, he saw the degradation of a human being, he saw intelligence taking advantage of ignorance, he saw injustice at work. To many another man, witness of the same scene, beholding it with eyes that look, it meant only another clever bargain, a good deal, more gold. When William Hohenzollern looked down from his armored motor on the hilltop over that scene of devastation, ruin, carnage and death, he did not see it. The eyes that looked out over that terrible scene beheld another step completed in the program toward a Prussianized world that was to be *his*. Had his eyes truly seen that at which they looked, the picture would have driven him mad. When Lincoln looked at the human factor he saw man—to be taught, trained, helped, set squarely on his feet in the path of self-development that would

THE EYES THAT SEE

lead to happiness and genuine prosperity. He coveted happiness for human folk. When William Hohenzollern looked at the human factor, he beheld machinery by which he could work his will. He coveted power for himself. The leadership of Lincoln was predestined to succeed because it stood the acid test of purpose in dealing with the human factor. The false leadership of the head of the House of Hohenzollern was doomed to final failure because it could not meet that test.

Methods by which one may help develop the eyes that see in those who reveal qualities of leadership are worthy of most earnest study by thinking men and women of our day; for we must develop leaders who stand the test, or as a nation the greatest days of our history are already in the records of the past.

Before one can hope to develop and train eyes that see, he must stimulate his own. The best stimulant I know is a generous and uncritical spirit. No critic, in the untechnical sense of the word, ever really sees. He measures the human factor according to his little provincial set of rules and praises or condemns. One glorious Sunday afternoon, in company with a woman who wants to help solve many social problems because she feels that means and leisure make it her duty, I went

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

to the tenement section of the city. Our call was made on a mother who had been very ill and, with the help of good food and medicine, was struggling slowly back to health. She had two married daughters, both with families and burdens of their own, and one fifteen-year-old girl, her only support. My friend had never seen this daughter. I had seen her before in her workaday clothes, but on this balmy, tempting spring day with the bluest of skies and a flood of sunshine, she was a revelation. She was going to take a walk. Her mother surveyed her with proud eyes. "I'll be back in time to get you a good supper, ma," she said, and kissed her good-bye. I did not like the eyes of my friend as she looked after the girl, who went out from the clean but disorderly, dingy, little room without even a hint of beauty in it, wearing a dark red cape of extreme cut and cheapest material, brown stockings, very thin, and bronzed ridiculous little shoes, a pink dress, little pink ear-drops, a black straw hat with rainbow-colored flowers under which her dark hair puffed out conspicuously, a chain of colored beads, a very large purse, and a little rouge to complete her make-up. When we had said good-bye to the mother and reached the dark staircase, my friend's restraint left

THE EYES THAT SEE

her. "That impossible creature—that *girl*," she said. It was disgust such as only a woman who does not see can express in words. Of course she did not see the girl. She saw ear-drops, beads, shoes, rouge, and a red cape with a *pink* dress! She did not know the cape was bought at a bargain late in the winter. How was one to tell then that pink would be the fashionable color in the spring and that, in the little store of bargains, the one dress that would fit her would be pink? The brown shoes were left from the autumn. They had new heels and a new gloss, and of course one had to have brown stockings to go with the shoes, and it could not be helped that brown, red and pink were not exactly what she would choose. My friend, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could not know the joy of getting ready for that Sunday afternoon walk or the hope of adventure that might possibly come before it was over. My friend had not worked hard at a monotonous task five and a half days that week, cooked for the mother each night, and spent Saturday afternoon washing and ironing and mending. Besides that, my friend was not fifteen and she took first spring days as a matter of course. Her eyes were altogether holden and she could not see, she only looked. That is why she could never

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

lead that fifteen-year-old girl anywhere. She might drive her for a while if she had authority, but she could not lead her.

I saw evidence of the blind eyes again as we walked toward the subway, she talking sarcastically about the girl. We suddenly came upon a young mother sitting on the steps of a house in a dark and dirty street. A glance through the open door showed a hall with bare laths and hanging plaster. But the young mother wore a very fashionable, much-beaded, very short-sleeved blouse—new. There were shining rhinestone buckles on her shoes and the baby carriage drawn close to her was very new, the latest pattern, and *white*. In it was a very tiny baby, a mass of lace and ruffles. My friend used the same tone she had used in speaking of the girl. “Look at that baby carriage!” she said. “How long will it stay white in a place like this? And that baby, did you ever see so much lace? The mother’s blouse, too! Extravagance everywhere! It’s simply disheartening to try to help these people.”

Help them! She cannot help them. She doesn’t see them. Should one have a *black* baby carriage for one’s first baby? When it gets hopelessly soiled in years to come, it may be painted if one has money then for paint.

THE EYES THAT SEE

But a baby born in May with a whole summer before it has the right to a white carriage. And the slippers and new blouse—what hopeful signs they were—a record of prosperity, limited, but there. My friend had tried a little Americanization work on this street, but it was not a success. As I walked along with her I knew why. She looked at the people but she did not see them. She could not even see that wee baby. No wonder she could not lead these people along even the first part of the path to true Americanism. No one can truly lead until, stimulated by a generous, uncritical spirit, his own eyes are opened and he sees. His advice about spring wardrobes and new baby carriages, about loyalty and citizenship and many other things will go unheeded if he merely looks.

When one begins to see, he becomes slowly conscious of a passion to make others see. He turns to youth. If he is wise, he will search out those that have qualities of leadership and will try to help the frank eyes that look with so much interest upon the world to see the things at which they are looking. He will emphasize the human factor, make it real, paint it in such fashion that it will stand out above life's machinery, above its gold, above the things wrongly termed success. He will

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

introduce the human factor to youth in such a way that it will become the center of all religion, law, commerce and trade. He will so present the human factor that, whether it be red, brown, black or yellow, it will receive just consideration as a man.

The eyes of youth who show the qualities of leadership are easily opened. Their jealousies are neither deep nor fixed, their prejudices come and go, their sense of fair play is keen, their love of adventure makes them willing to experiment; so that one who sets for himself the task of helping youth to see finds much joy in his work.

It is not a difficult matter to help youth analyze what David Livingstone saw when he beheld Africa, and what the ivory and rubber hunter, the vender of whiskies and beers looked at and did not see. It is easy to help youth outline the difference between the eye of Miles Standish looking at the American Indian and the seeing eye of William Penn. It is easy to make them realize the difference between eyes that, seeing, put Yale in China and eyes that, merely looking, are putting the brewery into China.

I have listened to many an interesting debate in a leadership class as to whether certain great historical characters looked or saw;

THE EYES THAT SEE

and I could witness the opening of youthful eyes as the debate progressed. One night a youth in his late teens said quietly that he thought the Bible had a lot of names of men who saw. I found the group too unfamiliar with Bible characters to debate forcefully, so we chose a half dozen characters to study. I have never forgotten how Solomon's glory faded in the debate that followed some weeks later, and I doubt if any one will fail to remember the fascinating, beautiful girl who, when the debate was over, said she had been greatly impressed in studying the lives of the characters assigned, with the difference between them and Christ, between what they looked at and what he saw. She said the difference in life as they looked at it and life as he saw it would influence her whole future. Her words went deep into the hearts of the boys and girls whom she could so easily lead. She had discovered the truth. Jesus Christ always saw. The Pharisees and Sadducees looked. He saw Peter, they looked at him—a fisherman from the country, poor, unlettered, an unimportant individual, not to be glanced at a second time. Jesus saw Peter, a prophet, a preacher, a healer, a world force, a rock on which he could build.

If the next generation is to be saved from

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

suffering, hunger, misery, desperate struggle and possible defeat, the demand that we develop eyes that see is not to be put aside. Eyes that see never falter. In them is the far look, the patience that can wait.

Out in one of the great public schoolyards a while ago, a group of boys were going through the movements of a semi-military setting-up drill. They were the leaders' squad and when they had perfected themselves they were each to head a group which would go through the drill daily to help make and keep them physically fit.

"They are a fine lot, honest, straight, clean," said their coach, "and tomorrow they will be ready to lead their squads. They are the stuff that ought to make this a better world."

The master of the school smiled. "Every one of those boys," he said, "began his education here in our first grade. For eight years we've worked hard with them. Your words are a reward." The coach went back to give the buttons that were to be the badges of leadership to the boys, but the master stood perfectly still. His eyes seemed glued to the group. "What are you looking at?" asked the assistant master, standing beside him.

THE EYES THAT SEE

A long silence and then, "At tomorrow," said the master proudly, with a thrill of confidence in his voice. I turned, looked up into those kind, generous, human eyes that see, and thanked God. I was again made certain that the second stretch on the highway to leadership, in small world or a large one, must be covered by eyes that see.

Test so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Eyes That See."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

III. The Ears That Hear

CHAPTER THREE

THE EARS THAT HEAR

Ears so finely attuned that they catch at the source the murmur which one day will become a restrained plea and then, if unheeded, a wild, mad, mob demand; ears that can catch faint whispers from multitudes of souls discovering and re-discovering the pure joys of life; ears that answer to the vibration of words, the countless millions of words by which humanity seeks to express its high hopes and fine dreams as well as its base desires and selfish ambitions; ears that are alike conscious of the ringing laughter of carefree youth and the poignant sobs of defeated manhood—these are the ears that are needed in this hour so destitute of great leadership and so distraught because undirected and misdirected men cannot find their way.

One day I sat quiet on the edge of the woods while my friend wandered about in its deep shadows. "Isn't the song of that thrush the most heavenly thing?" she asked when she returned after a half hour or more of wandering. I had heard no thrush. I heard

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

the bird calls, the soft twitterings and now and then a song, but they made no real impression. I heard, but I did not hear. I did not know the thrush's song. Thrushes do not sing amidst the roar of trains and trolleys, steam drills and traffic, where I must spend most of my days. But I know it now. Oh, the sounds I learned that week! Even the memory of them thrills me.

I know the world is full of sounds I do not hear. I have not listened long enough to distinguish and understand many a sound in the world of men. But I can never hope to develop in myself nor discover and train in another the qualities of leadership until my ears, deaf to this thing and that and the other, shall have been truly and altogether unstopped.

Life in all its varied phases is like every other teacher. It has much more to say than any pupil, even the most earnest, hears; and to the careless and heedless ones, it is but a confusion of sounds, the loudest and most persistent holding attention for the moment. One fails to hear because he does not listen. He has neither the passion to know nor the deep desire to help. No chatterbox ever became a great leader. It is a most interesting experience to sit—a listener—where a group

THE EARS THAT HEAR

of average men or women are talking together. One is reasonably sure of the topics of conversation before he joins the group. With men it will be business and politics and money. With women it will be business—the business of the home, school, office, factory as may be—clothes and the world of pleasure. As a recent listener in a group of men, I heard two very earnest talkers. Mr. D. spoke rapidly, convincingly and with assurance on the subject of presidential candidates. Mr. K. watched him and joined in, desperately eager to be heard, saying over and over again, “I want to tell *you* that—” but he never got the opportunity to tell it, for Mr. D. held his own to the end. Afterward I tested Mr. K. on what his friend had said about the candidate he was defending so vociferously. He said he did not remember. Not remember? He had not heard! He had been absorbed in watching for the opportunity to complete his sentence, “I want to tell you that—” Many a time I have been an interested listener when two women literally talked together. Neither heard even a word that the other said, but both enjoyed the half hour together. But such men and women neither lead nor discover leaders. Lincoln was a good talker but a great listener. He heard

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

so truly that he understood both friend and enemy, recognized strength and weakness in each, and was rarely unjust to either. The man whose ears are deaf hears only the echo of his own thoughts and his world is very small.

Every one who hopes to develop within himself the qualities of leadership or to be enabled to discover and train others must stimulate his dull ears until the range and keenness of their response is constantly increased. Again and again he must learn a new language in order that he may truly hear. What a sensation of defeat, of handicap, a consciousness of disadvantage one experiences when surrounded by people talking eagerly together in an unknown tongue. And then, when one gets the language, what freedom and release! There is many a language spoken in America today which we cannot understand. I do not mean Italian, Polish, Lithuanian and the countless other tongues. I mean the language of childhood, of boyhood and girlhood, the language of the poor, of the rich, of people of the church and the unchurched, of labor and of capital. These languages we must learn. We must learn to hear each other or we are lost. One can hear so much more easily words uttered in the

THE EARS THAT HEAR

voice of one whom he knows. One who hopes to lead or to discover leaders must learn to know his fellow human beings, that he may more easily hear them when they speak. All are talking today but few are hearing what is said. If, twenty years ago, there had been scores of patient listeners and a multitude with keen ears to detect the sounds of warning, we should not today be struggling against almost overwhelming odds in the effort to make of this old world a place where man may be really free and truly happy.

If we are to discover leaders in America and train them to lead and not drive, we must begin to listen intently and unceasingly. If necessary, we must be willing to undergo more than one ethical, moral, and spiritual surgical operation to remove the causes of our present deafness. Many a one could be a great leader if pride did not dull his ears. He hesitates to confess that he does not understand and will not seek counsel of those who have a finer sense of hearing in some lines than he. Only a humble spirit can hear what the braggadocio voice of youth in the individual and the nation is really saying these days. Many a one might be a true leader if conceit had not dulled his ears. No one listens intently if he is certain that he

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

already knows. I remember a teacher whom I once observed for several days to try to discover why she failed with the group of eighth-grade boys she was trying to lead. One boy was a constant source of trouble. Some of us felt sure that there must be some reason for misbehavior. "He can give plenty of reasons," the teacher said, "he is full of them. But he is lazy, disobedient, disagreeable, a real nuisance in the class." Inquiry into the boy's home conditions revealed an unusual combination of circumstances that went far to explain his behavior. The mother had been seriously ill with pneumonia, and partial recovery left her with a heart so weak that she could do only the lightest work about the house. The father, while at work as a truck driver, painfully injured his foot and was just getting about on crutches after many weeks of suffering. There was a grandfather, eighty-six years old, simple and troublesome as a child—and this boy of thirteen. When he told his teacher that he could not do his home work, he spoke the truth. Before school he prepared the breakfast and purchased the food for the day; he sold papers after school; in the evening he scrubbed and cooked under his mother's direction. On Saturdays he worked on a delivery wagon until time for his

THE EARS THAT HEAR

papers. Funds were very low, and on Sunday he added a little by helping deliver ice-cream after his paper route was finished. He did not have proper nourishment, was thin and pale, and his eyes had the weariness of a burdened man. Each day he went to school tired and suffering from the nagging of his nervous mother and irritable father. When he said that he *could not* do his problems or draw his map correctly, when he said he was too tired to do extra work which she felt he must do because he was kept behind the class by frequent absences, when he said he did not *care* whether he passed or not and wished he could leave school, he told the truth. But she did not hear him. She was so sure that she knew that she learned nothing from what he said. She only closed her lips tight and said coldly, "The boy is lazy and rude and hasn't an atom of interest or ambition," and treated him accordingly. The very wonderful woman who had made the inquiries about the home had learned to listen, she has the keenest ears I have ever known; but even she was a little surprised the day after she had made her discoveries to have the apparently lazy, indifferent, disagreeable pupil throw himself into her arms and sob out like a very little boy that he wanted to be good but some way

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

he couldn't please *anybody*. His father scolded him and his mother did and Miss B. always did and he felt sick and didn't care what they said to him. He was only thirteen—a boy with no boyhood—and the world was deaf. He could not make it hear, so he fought it as many a misunderstood soul of greater years than he has done and is doing.

Many a man or woman might be a real leader and alive to signs of leadership in others if self-interest could be removed. There is a kind of self-interest which is normal, sane and right. But the self-interest which causes complete loss of the hearing ear is very prevalent in individuals and in the nation today. It means death to leadership. Those afflicted with it hear nothing which might turn them aside from the quest for more and more and more. Until some operation removes this type of self-interest we shall be seeking in vain for real leadership. No one can learn to hear in a moment. It takes years of listening. When the children of the first grade begin their lessons in appreciation of music they hear very little. They can listen but a very short time. Only the simplest things are given them. After a while they learn to hear the rippling of the brook in the music that is played. Faces

THE EARS THAT HEAR

shine and hands wave as they recognize it. Those first days they could not hear it at all. After eight years of training the result is most gratifying. There they sit in the music room, fifty of them. A selection they have never heard is played to them. They listen quietly, intently, then they analyze what they have heard. "It was martial music in four-four time." They heard "marching feet, drums, a bugle call, the order for the fight, the roar of cannon, sounds of victory, then sadness as if many were killed." I shall never forget the astonishment upon the face of a visitor in the class that day. "I know it was some sort of march—that is *all* I heard!" she exclaimed. Then their teacher played for them, several times, a theme upon which a new composition had been built. She asked them to hum it. They did, as a class and as individuals. Then she played the selection. Whenever the theme appeared anywhere on the keyboard hands were instantly raised. The visitor could not follow the theme. Eight years had helped those children's ears to hear. Hers, devoid of training, were deaf.

The fact that one may learn to hear is most encouraging to those who would discover and train leaders or who long to develop

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

qualities of leadership in themselves. It means that if one will listen patiently *there will come the day when he can hear.*

There are some things, of course, to which all true leaders must be deaf. The real leaders of all time have persistently refused to listen to those things that would make them forget the purpose or turn aside from the goal. They have refused to listen to the voice of mocking scorn, they were deaf to destructive criticism, they closed their ears to "It cannot be done," "It is quite impossible," and all kindred phrases, they would not hear the words of discouragement. Jesus would not listen to the voice in the wilderness, nor to the tempter in the temple, nor even to the children in the streets of Jerusalem. He would not be turned aside from his purpose nor lose sight of his goal. But how keenly he listened to all other sounds in the daily life of which he was a part! In this as in all other phases of experience he shows "the way."

As one looks at the youth of our day in its later teens and early twenties, what one sees gives hope. Despite its many outstanding weaknesses and defects and the handicap of the extravagant wasteful days it has witnessed, youth is listening. It is striving more

THE EARS THAT HEAR

earnestly than youth has ever striven, I believe, to know the language of its fellows and to understand what they are saying. Youth is trying truly to hear. There is much promising material out of which real leaders, and many of them, may be made. If we can help these youth to overcome ignorance, to persistently banish pride, conceit and self-interest, to make every effort to get acquainted with their fellows of every name and creed and color, to listen that they may learn, then we shall develop a group so keen of hearing that they will be able to lead, safely and wisely, for the good of the individual and the nation, those whose duller ears would send men into certain disaster and overwhelm them with defeat.

The third great stretch over the highway to leadership may be made with confidence by those who, having ears,—hear.

*Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of
"The Ears That Hear."*

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

IV. The Heart That Feels

CHAPTER FOUR

THE HEART THAT FEELS

One clear, cold winter day when, from the window of the Pullman, the world seemed white indeed, as we slackened speed for a hard grade ahead, my eyes were fastened for a second on a huge billboard on a knoll in the meadow. The board was a dull green, but the words were in bright red—"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the Heart."

The words, so familiar that one scarcely gives attention to them when heard from a pulpit or read from the Bible, seemed strangely new, thrilling, challenging out there in the lonely meadow, so red against the green background and the white silent world. "God looketh on the Heart," they said. All this deadening race of men for things, all this wild display of the spoils of victories dearly won, the sound of hammers that build the countless places men love to look at and call *mine*, the smiles of satisfaction of those who have bought and sold and added new gold to gold in the markets of the world, over all these God looketh down on the Heart—the

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

heart of the nation and of the individual—looks to the center of things and makes his estimate of man according to what he sees.

When one day man shall see as God sees, what a readjustment in values there will be! Man seldom looks on the heart. He looks on that outward appearance, makes his judgments, classifies his fellows and is, in the main, content with his own decisions regarding what he sees. But from such men leaders do not come, nor are those who are content with the outward alone discerning enough to discover qualities of leadership in others. The world needs, in its hour of deep perplexity, the heart that, warm with sympathy and responsive to all that moves quietly along at the center of things, generates the power that will one day become action.

Many a would-be leader has utterly failed because totally unaware of this great composite heart at the center of life. The history of the days of the four or more years of the war gives to us a long list of names of those who trusted in the trained might of men and forgot to reckon with the heart of mankind which, limited and undeveloped as it is, is the great factor in battles of whatever sort.

If the world is to be saved from itself and spared greater chaos and suffering, it should

THE HEART THAT FEELS

be very busy these days cultivating the heart that feels and therefore holds the touchstone of understanding. Because men do not understand each other, their desires are warped. And until one's desires are fired with a passion for human welfare even at a cost, the world must resort to laws; and laws are not difficult to ignore, to evade, or to disobey. When the laws designed for the protection and welfare of the whole run athwart the desires of a self-centered heart, there is trouble. When any number of individuals with dull, self-centered hearts meet the law and defy it, there is the spirit of anarchy. Law is never free to do its work when standing face to face with groups of people who want their own personal desires to be the test of the action of community or nation. They do not want to meet the desire of the greater number for the good of the whole. One sees the principle illustrated every hour of the day. He sees it as he observes the traffic laws. It is most interesting to stand for twenty minutes in a sheltered spot and watch the people of the city of New York observe the traffic law on Fifth Avenue. The law is very simple and very plain. A yellow light and a green light from tall towers direct the traffic east and west and north and south.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

A red flash gives warning of the change from one to the other. The people know the regulations. They know they were made in an effort to reduce the figures of accident and loss of life that in America rival the war losses each year. But these people do not desire safety. Each thinks he could get safely to the other side, and of his fellow he does not think at all. So one standing by sees the officer struggle with the waiting crowd that need wait but three minutes at the most. That crowd of human beings presses forward to the curb, beyond the curb, on to the Avenue, a little farther into the Avenue—the vehicles now must change their course to avoid hitting them. The officer stretches out his hand and pushes the whole crowd back to the curb, where they do not remain. The scene is enacted over and over again every day. Now and then I have seen a rash individual slip around behind the officer and, dodging every sort of speeding vehicle, gain the other side in safety. One day when traffic was moving rapidly east and west, I saw a young man who had once been pushed back to the curb, step out from the crowd, make a dash for the other side, only to be knocked down by a heavy truck. In a few moments he was dead. The law meant for the preservation

THE HEART THAT FEELS

of life in himself and his fellows, when it came into contact with his desire of the moment, meant to him only a thing to be evaded.

Standing one day with a girl who urged us to cross and not wait "three whole minutes," I said, "If I have the right to cross every individual in this crowd has the right, and then where would the traffic laws be?" Her answer was quite significant. "I should think you would be perfectly wretched thinking always about other people's rights," she said. Her training had been such that there was no response in her heart to the will of others or the desire of others. All her desires and, therefore, all her actions were keyed to the note of self, and she is fairly representative of great masses of people all over the world at this moment.

When the amendment to the Constitution of the United States was passed and prohibition was made a law of our land, many who did not personally believe in it as a law accepted it as the will of the majority designed for the good of the whole. But large numbers of American citizens resented the law as an affront to their own desires; therefore, they evaded it. Some distillers and brewers of liquors accepted the law in the letter and spirit and, as true citizens, rebuilt their fac-

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

tories and went to work on other products in a way of which any republic may well be proud. Others could not accept even a part of the Constitution as law when it crossed their own personal desires. They are determined to continue the business, to make the liquor in Cuba and connect the States with it by Booze Ships, to find a market for it in secret trade which is, or ought to be, below the standard of honor of any American business man. Some have planned to take entire manufacturing plants to China and create a market for liquors among the mass of untrained, uneducated masses just waking up—if it shall mean a deadly curse to that great nation, what of that? The good of the whole—it has no place in their desires, their hearts do not respond in the slightest degree to the appeal of the weakness of their fellows; they are cold, dead, they cannot feel until the chord of self is touched; then they answer.

When one gets deep down into the fundamental causes of the world's distress and restlessness, he will find at the very center the inability to "feel with" another, the utter lack of warm, human understanding, the total absence of the power to exchange places in sympathetic imagination.

I think so often of two young men under

THE HEART THAT FEELS

twenty-five who went into service across as privates in the ranks. In birth, education and social station, they could not have been farther apart. One had been taught to hate the class his fellow soldier represented; the other's training had led him to ignore or scorn men such as these who were to go with him into battle. But, in the mud-filled, bloodstained trenches, each found the other's heart. One day when the young man to whom life had given few opportunities lay dying from weakness and shock after an operation, his mate of the trenches to whom life had been very generous, just recovered from a splintered shoulder, lay down on the table to give his own blood to save his friend. The operation was a success, and in time both went back to their unit and on into the area of occupation. They are at home now. The one to whom life had given so little opportunity has lost the bitterness of class hatred. It is changed into determination to make plans for bringing about mutual understanding among men, and the fine spirit in his work promises much. The other has found his brother's heart that was hidden from him under the maze of things. He has become conscious of responsibility; and plans for building substantial bridges of justice over

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

the chasm that yawns between those who have and those who have not are now his passion. These are only two, but they represent many others who, in the days when realities were very near and very clear, felt the thrill of hearts stimulated to the point where they could mutually understand.

If we are to discover, train, and develop those who have hearts capable of great human response, we shall have to get quickly to our task of revising many of our schemes of education, both secular and religious. We must teach our children human things. We must forget old prejudices, old bigotries, old points of emphasis that divide. We must interest our children and youth in all the world, and, while we give them the deepest appreciation of the land we love best and the people dearest to us, we dare not fail to give them an appreciation of the service man gives to man all over the earth, of the dependence and interdependence of all men, of man's equality as man, of the high duty of intelligence to ignorance, of the call to give and take in mutual self-respect.

Such teaching will take courage and wisdom, but it must come. The day was when we taught our children and youth the meaning of charity as we understood it and, after

THE HEART THAT FEELS

many struggles, they learned the lesson fairly well. Now we must teach our children the meaning of justice, the newer, fuller meaning that has been burned into it the past ten years, for the day of charity as such is passing. We must teach it to all our children and youth—group or class teaching will not do—and we must be prepared to give some illustration of our teaching by our deeds.

The heart that feels, not with a weak, sentimental response which will pass painlessly from one thing to the next without registering in action, but the heart which in very truth feels with another the sufferings, handicaps, struggles, hopes and dreams of that other is the need of the hour. Such a heart could not possibly enter upon definite, well-laid plans for systematic profiteering in any line, least of all in the feeding, clothing and sheltering of his brothers. Such a heart could not organize schemes by which men should demand much and give little in return. The heart that feels cannot permit itself to act against the welfare of its fellows.

More than that, the heart that feels will act positively. It will not shirk its duty to weaker peoples, to the hungry or the needy. Such a heart has at the base of its action the sharing spirit.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

Men and women who in all ages have led mankind on to higher planes of life and thought, to greater conceptions of duty and privilege, to better conditions of housing or toil, to release from ignorance and superstition have been those with hearts that feel. Phillips Brooks had the heart that feels; and it made the religion he preached a living, vital, transforming power, a reality in the lives of men. Edith Cavell had the heart that feels; it saved weary, worn, discouraged souls, strengthened their bodies, sent them back to the fight and in its final sacrifice gave to the world a picture of heroism that will never be forgotten. Jacob Riis had it, and by its suffering paved the way to a playground for the feet of childhood, cleaned up evil haunts of men, and let saving sunshine into many a dark breeding-place of crime. The long list of those the world around whose hearts have saved their fellows and led them on make us hopeful of man, despite the great mountain of his failures.

Our day is ready for the heart that feels. It has tried the heart hardened by the grip of gold-stained fingers and shrunk by the pressure of self-centered desire; and, while that heart has brought some material things to a world that needed them, it has failed

THE HEART THAT FEELS

utterly to make a world happy or free in the use of them. It has tried the heart that kept itself aloof, that stifled its responses and answered its brothers with cold, scientific words, that gave no joy and offered but little escape from poverty and sin to those who were waiting to be led, eager to be shown the way. The day is here when all the world asks to be appreciated, to be granted rights and privileges, but most of all to be understood. The heart that feels can answer the requests. It can create the spirit of friendship between nations and men, it can restore confidence.

But it is in Jesus Christ that we find, for all time and for all men, the supreme example of the heart that feels. He felt so deeply that he could and did strike the rock bottom of human experience. He understood kings, rulers, and slaves. He understood the sinning woman and the scorning Pharisee. Both knew it. She accepted help, and he ran away from the great demands. It was the heart that felt that dictated the principles of life which, no matter what men may think about them today, must become the foundation principles of individual, national and international action and relationship before humanity can in any real sense be saved from itself for a life of prosperity, freedom and happiness.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

Without the heart that responds to these principles, there can be no real leadership. If its warm, human qualities do not exist, material for development into leaders who can lead is lacking.

The fourth stretch over the long highway to true leadership may be taken with confidence by the heart that feels.

Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Heart That Feels."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

V. The Mind That Interprets

CHAPTER FIVE

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

Only for the purpose of special emphasis can one deal in separate chapters with eyes that see, ears that hear, and a heart that feels, for these are but servants and messengers of that most complex of all machines, that which makes man man—the mind. In these brief and simple studies of leadership there is no room for an analysis of the human mind. What is the mind? Does one see with the eyes or with the mind, does he hear with the mind or with the ears? What is the heart? What takes place when it responds? All these are fascinating questions for the philosopher, great challenges to one with a passion for research; but they are apart from the purpose of these studies. We shall have to accept the mind as the machine which directs the individual. In no individual is that machine perfectly developed. Here is a man who does not see, another who does not hear, a third whose delicate apparatus meant for discerning and sharing the great human heart of the universe is partially or wholly paralyzed. He who hopes to develop in himself the power

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

of leadership or to discover and train it in others must never lose sight of the fact that we shall not have a fully civilized society until the mass of individuals have the developed mind, symmetrical, whole, and therefore free.

We boasted of our civilization before 1914; only the most foolish boast of it now. We were not civilized, we shall not be until the mass of us have developed the mind that can interpret. Only in rare instances do we find that mind today, therefore the paucity of leadership.

This morning three interesting people entered the dining-car. The man was about thirty, well put together and having one hundred per cent of self-assurance. The girl, a few years his junior, was most attractive and fashionably gowned. Their child, a little five-year-old, held very close in her arms a large baby doll. She talked to it softly as she entered the diner. As she sat down the hand of the doll hit a glass and it rolled to the floor and broke. The father was annoyed.

"Why do you let her drag that doll everywhere?" he said to his wife. Then reaching across the table he took it from her and gave it to the waiter.

"Here," he said, "put this thing back there, we'll get it as we go out."

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

For a moment the child's face showed astonishment, then anger. "Give her back to me, Daddy!" she said indignantly.

"We'll get it after breakfast," he said.

"She is hungry," said the child in a trembling voice. "I promised her breakfast. She is very hungry."

"What nonsense," said the man, turning to his wife. "Betty, sometimes that child talks like an idiot," and he proceeded to order breakfast.

The child ate little. She was very quiet, and twice I saw her put up her little hand and wipe away great tears. Her reunion with the doll made tears come to my own eyes. The father was unmoved. When they reached their section the mother kissed and petted her little girl, but he read the paper. There was no apology for hurt feelings. He did not know what he had done. He had brought that child into being, but to him her behavior was idiotic. Of the world in which she is living he knows nothing. He has a keen mind, I am sure, but it cannot interpret. He will probably be a success of a sort; he may make money, but he will walk over the bodies and souls of men and he will create bitterness, adding it to the mass of ill-feeling that will some day demand a terrible reckoning. He

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

has eyes—they do not help; ears but they are deaf; a heart, but the hardening process has already begun so that his warped mind cannot interpret.

Some time since I saw a day laborer—a painter—purchasing a victrola, an expensive, fine-type machine. He was also buying records. With him was his wife, a woman whose face bore lines of care and whose hands showed they had known hard work. A bright, interesting girl of fifteen and one about twelve were with them. They chose several familiar, rag-time and jazz selections, a Kreisler solo, a record of Pryor's band and the Sextet. The man paid cash proudly. They took the records with them. The fifteen-year-old urged immediate delivery of the victrola. It seemed as if she could not leave it. She returned a second time to ask the clerk to be sure to send the particular one they had chosen.

"Well," said a very prosperous-looking customer who was waiting, as the door closed upon them, "they are the people who are buying victrolas today. I've known them a long time. She used to help my wife two days a week, sweeping, scrubbing and so forth. He drank some. They had five children. He's braced up lately and they have moved

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

to the same street where I live. He is getting ten dollars a day! Times have changed. A victrola! It makes me sick the way they throw money around. He'd better put some of it in the bank!" The words were spoken with bitterness.

The proprietor laughed. "I can't say that I seriously object to the purchase of victrolas, especially cash purchases," he said; "but it is strange the way some of those fellows get rid of their money. One of them I know has spent nobody knows what on window-boxes and porch furniture. Hasn't got much inside the home, they tell me. His wife spends most of the afternoon fussing over the plants. Window-boxes are expensive things these days, and you know what furniture is; but what do they care? Husband's getting ten dollars a day and their boy gets five. It's a funny world!"

One could not help pitying these two men standing there with their hands in their pockets and half sneers upon their faces. How dull they were. Their eyes did not catch even a glimpse of the unbounded joy of that family with the new victrola; they saw no hope for the race in that quick answer to the hunger for things just out of reach, the hunger that drives on and pulls up. That father

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

did not want a victrola half as much as he wanted to be able to purchase it. It was the mark of his conquest. The neighbors would say, "The A—— family have a victrola!" and the very sound of it in the ears of Mrs. A—— would make up in some little measure for the days when the children went ill-clad and shivering to school, and neighbors said, "Mr. A—— is drinking again, the weather's bad and he can't get steady work." They could not see that the victrola lifted a whole family another round on the ladder and that every lift helps the world. The girl of fifteen has eight college catalogues in her room and she knows all their contents. Four years ago she had expected to leave school and go to work as soon as the law would permit.

Both men were blind to the comfort and joy of that veranda with window-boxes. The nervous woman who presided over them had been a country girl. The death of two children, the care of three others, two of whom were now at work, had wrecked her physically. Illness had given continual battle to all her husband's efforts to support his family. He could not keep ahead. Now, ten dollars a day, and his son, who was so far under weight that he was kept out of the war, earning five! Living expenses are higher but still they are

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

keeping ahead. Already the porch hammock, the two chairs and the window-boxes have greatly improved the health of that mother. But, having eyes that see not, ears that hear not, a heart that has no answer, how can the two men now talking in low tones together, ever interpret? They cannot. They and the men whose harsh critics they are reach all their conclusions by the route of two absolutely opposite ideas.

All the wars of all the world have been struggles of opposing ideas. It is ideas that do battle upon fields of carnage, not men, and warfare will never cease until enough great souls are found who can interpret opposing ideas in terms that will lead to intelligent action for the good of the whole.

Only five minutes ago a man in the opposite section said excitedly, "Yes, the niggers were good slaves; they make good servants. You can't give 'em power; you simply can't do it. They can't stand it. They don't need education. You can't educate 'em. You spoil a good servant and you don't get anything." He said it in a tone that was final and in the face of cold, hard fact that could not be disputed that had just been read to him by the man who shared his section. He closed the conversation with, "Educate 'em and give 'em

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

the vote, and they don't know their place. It can't be done." And he took up his paper and the two opposing ideas continued riding along across the prairie. But ideas laugh at the smugness of men each deaf to the other. They know that some day the two ideas will have to meet and be settled. When that day comes may God grant us minds that interpret.

Systems of education need today, all over the world, minds that interpret. Men are not educating their sons and daughters for a new day that is coming silently, surely, under all the chaos that hides its approach. The education of an old day still holds. America needs a new Mary Lyon, a new Horace Mann, a new Colonel Parker. It needs to stop long enough to listen to the voices that now can scarcely be heard above the clink of gold, voices that are pleading and warning, that are beseeching the nation to discover and develop leaders with minds that can interpret the hour that is fast approaching.

Religion needs the mind that interprets. With what release of spirit the simple-minded men who followed Jesus heard his interpretations of God and the Kingdom—the interpretation that, gripping them, made them a world force for a new day. The Pharisees were content. They wanted no interpretation.

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

They saw no new day approaching. The “*thou shalt not’s*” of the law made the observance of the sabbath very clear to them. There were certain things to be done, certain things not to be done; one obeyed and was safe, he disobeyed and was accursed. Then Jesus came. He plucked the grain as he walked happily through the fields and enjoyed it. He took pity upon deformity and cured it. The wrath of the Pharisees was great. In the simplest terms Jesus put the two ideas over against each other, “The sabbath was made for *man*,” he said, “not *man* for the sabbath.” These were strange words and he interpreted them. “What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath day.” The new idea was very clear when interpreted. All who heard understood that its simplicity was its majesty. The Pharisees had no answer. If they saw, prejudice silenced them with its hard hand. Every idea Jesus taught was in opposition to the ideas he found hampering and stifling men and misrepresenting God. Always he made them very simple, plain, put them down into the

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

clear concrete, the refuge of minds not highly trained. Then he left the ideas. He did not fight for them but he died for them, and his death sent them out to do unceasing battle even unto this day. Every age has given them interpretation to meet the challenge of the hour and every past has bitterly opposed that interpretation. We need a great, fresh, new interpretation for our own day. It will be opposed, it will be fought by many forces, it will feel the iron grip of the past and the threat of the future, but it will triumph. The day of that interpretation seems very near. If one reads the signs aright it has already begun. Therefore the imperative duty is upon us to discover and fit for the task enough leaders with minds that can interpret.

Little minds judge quickly, harshly, with no thought of love or mercy. In the mind of Jesus there was room for great generosity and with that a sincerity that made the culprit know that the judgment was just. Only the false, the thing that could not bear the test of honesty, met his scathing word of utter condemnation. The mind that hopes to interpret with any fairness today must be dominated by his greatness of spirit, else there is no hope of true interpretation.

In reaction from the days of great sacrifice

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

and world vision brought to us by the war, America has plunged into the pit of individualism. She cannot stay there and survive. A nation built upon ideals and conceived for the freedom of all cannot hope to carry out her destiny if she becomes the slave of self and circumstance. In this hour when all her ideals are dimmed and her materialism glows with superficial heat, we need to search among our youth for those whose seeing eyes, hearing ears, and burning hearts have the power to make the mind that interprets. We have such youth if only we are in earnest in our desire to find them. They cross one's path again and again. There are some among the men who saw first-hand the souls of other men fighting beside them in deadly combat to save an idea, and found in them incalculable capacity for brotherhood. There are some among the girls who in the midst of sickening horrors saw the white light of the fundamental oneness of humanity. There are some in college class-rooms whose eyes reach away beyond a quiet campus into a world and whose ears hear the call of many tongues and nations, and what they see and what they hear are making the mind that can and will interpret. They ask for direction and guidance.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

And there are others who are seeing straight and hearing the truth amidst the thundering noises of commerce and trade. Many of them have already developed the mind that interprets but have not yet used it for the good of their fellows. They are seeking a way.

There is, I believe, no deeper satisfaction in human experience than that of the interpreter. One may promise youth that. When suspicion has been removed, one speaking in the tongue of many may reveal truth, give help, awaken enthusiasm, save from suffering, poverty or calamity, open doors of opportunity and make possible genuine liberty and true happiness. What greater task can one desire? This is the task of the mind that interprets, the mind as large as need, as far-reaching as life itself. It may reveal to man his brother and to both a common Father whose will—the good of all his children—is the ultimate end of life.

For even a small measure of such a mind there is a cost. All true leadership exacts heavy toll, but the memory of the cost is lost in the reward.

To all who look forward to great days for a generation yet unborn, there is a clear call to discover and train those who have the

THE MIND THAT INTERPRETS

qualities of leadership—the purpose and the goal, the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the heart that feels the world, the mind that interprets for the good of men what it has purposed and seen, heard and felt.

One with the burning desire for the mind that interprets and the will to pay the price of winning it need not hesitate to enter upon the fifth stretch along the highway to leadership.

Test the so-called leaders of the past by the test of "The Mind That Interprets."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

VI. The Practice That Prepares

CHAPTER SIX

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

Many a youth of talent, with qualities that promised leadership in various lines of endeavor, has been lost to the world because he had never seen for himself and had never been shown by others the part that practice plays in the preparation for moments that demand leaders.

When one hears the almost perfect interpretation of some great selection in oratorio or opera, when he sits enthralled by the sympathetic rendition of a great master's dreams in pure, sweet, unerring tones of a violin or the soft, intoxicating chords of the harp, it is hard for him to remember that, behind the glorious thing that he hears, are the years—the long, long years of exacting, unremitting toil, of self-discipline and real sacrifice. “She sings so easily,” exclaimed a thoughtless woman in real admiration of one of America's truly great voices. Sings easily! Yes, at that moment it seemed so. But that perfect technique, that command of body and mind, was not easy. What hours of patient study that

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

ten minutes represented, with what long practice that perfect poise was won!

Although it has been said over and over again that no one ever becomes great in a moment, man finds it almost impossible to believe. There still lurks in his consciousness the feeling that some fairy godmother or some hand of fate has reached out and selected this one and that for a crown of fame. That great statesman who rose in Congress and in a tense moment of our nation's history gave the marvelous, convincing, compelling speech that turned the tide seemed nothing less than a miracle to his associates. "May I ask, sir, how long it took to prepare that speech?" asked one in deep admiration. "All my life has been a preparation for what I said today," was the quiet answer.

Those who hope to develop qualities of leadership within themselves, those who are striving to discover and train leadership in others must never let the deep conviction of the power of practice escape them.

There is something in our modern American life that makes practice irksome and short cuts in preparation most desirable to the average person. Strange to say there is, with this desire to escape practice, a great longing to reap the results of it. Today, more than in

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

any other moment of our history, we wish to *arrive* without taking the journey.

If we are to discover and train the leadership we so much need, we must inject into the self-satisfaction and complacency and into the mad rush of our day the consciousness of the value of preparation for the day that is to be.

I shall long remember some hours years ago spent in a glass factory. Of all the interesting workmen there, the one who fascinated me most was a Belgian glass-blower, the only man in the country who could do that particular piece of work. His skill made one gasp, it seemed as if he must miss—no, every time the perfect thing lay before us.

“How long have you been doing this?” we asked him.

“Thirty-seven years a glass-blower,” he answered, and then pointing to a boy just beginning awkwardly to do a simple task, he said, “Began like that boy. Same work. Did it the same way—afraid.”

“Will you be making this wonderful thing some day?” I asked of the boy.

“No,” he said. “It’s too hard. Takes too long to get to do it like that. I’m going to get another job next week.”

And so he will. In all probability he will

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

join the great army of men and women who, lacking the desire to practice, spend their time looking for new jobs that for the moment promise a quicker and easier way to money.

Any one who touches youth today—parents, the teacher in the public school or church school, the preacher in the pulpit, the writer of books—will render the greatest service to the future of America by helping to instil in the individual the spirit of practice. The average American home finds it easier to let childhood go its own way than to insist steadfastly upon tasks done regularly until practice shall furnish equipment and preparation for a day ahead.

I remember a weak-willed little mother of a twelve-year-old boy who came to see me one day about the teacher of manual training. "I want Bobby to drop manual training," she said. "He can't do it very well and the teacher is not fair to him. Most of the other boys in the class are making tool kits and the teacher keeps him just matching corners of a box, and Bobby can't get them to fit. He wants to make the tool kit and I think his teacher should let him."

I explained as best I could Bobby's besetting sin of rushing through any task with but one desire—to get it done without thought

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

of how it was done. I tried to show her that one cannot make a tool kit if he cannot make corners fit. I did my best to awaken in her the sense of responsibility for Bobby's future for which these things were only a preparation, and pointed out that with his present characteristic of carelessness in every type of work he could never be a successful man. But I had little influence, for as she left she told me that they hoped to move in the spring and then Bobby would go to another school. I find so many parents who seem to be utterly lacking in the sense of responsibility for the man-to-be and the woman-to-be, although they look with scrupulous care and devotion after needs of the immediate present.

"I suppose I ought to be teaching my girls some things about cooking and housekeeping and sewing, as my mother taught me," said a sweet woman in response to something I had said, "but it is so much easier to do it myself, and they do so dislike having regular work. Something they want very much to do always comes at that time, it seems." Poor little cheated girls! How much they will need the discipline of tasks to be done, what a lack of preparation for the future their mother's mistaken kindness of heart will mean. What a blessing in that future into

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

which none of them can look would be the habit of meeting a task regularly and performing it with courage, no matter how disagreeable. Habit is a great friend on a hard day, a friend one has a right to make in youth.

It is hard, of course, to watch another practice a thing in which we have become proficient—by practice. The public school finds it as hard as the home. It is so much easier by the stroke of my own proficient pencil to make Jimmy's awkwardly-drawn leaves look foreshortened than it is to teach him to *see*, then to draw what he sees, then to practice until the drawing becomes more perfect and brings more and more joy as skill is developed. It is hard and, because it is, the teacher's pencil is tempted. To solve a troubled little girl's problem for her, as she sits chewing her pencil and very near tears, is so much easier than to show her step by step how to do the problem herself, giving her practice enough on each process to make her proficient. But how cheated she is if it be done for her and the joy of conquest and the satisfaction of accomplishment denied her! All adult life and especially that of our day is constantly tempted to deny childhood and youth its right of practice and we are already

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

witnessing the results of our weakness. It is easy to bewail the lack of leaders, it is hard to search out good material and develop it by practice for future leadership.

When we have learned how, it is difficult to turn over the task to others, giving them the benefit of our knowledge and experience, then setting them free to learn how themselves. At a great missionary meeting of women's organizations I heard again and again the lament that young women were not interested and were not helping, and I heard deep concern expressed as to the future of the organizations when the years had passed and the women now leading should be gone, and yet no young women were placed on important committees or commissions, none were asked to share in making plans for future work, none were urged to express their own convictions on the subject of student volunteers, preparation for work in the home and foreign field, or on any other thing. While lamenting the lack of the presence of youth, there was very evident unwillingness on the part of these mature women to relinquish in the slightest degree their own leadership or change in the least their plans.

When youth did not want to enter in they condemned youth. They did not change their

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

policies. They want youth to be ready to assume the task in the day when they shall have gone, but they do not want to teach them how to do it and, least of all, do they want to give them opportunity for the practice that will prepare for the task. In these things we who ought to be developing leaders are blind indeed.

Older men of today very grudgingly yield their places to younger men, and yet they speak harsh words at times of the lack of the sense of responsibility of the youth of today. I heard a recent address by a man sixty-five years old who said very emphatically that the young men of today were utterly lacking in the sense of responsibility and especially so in anything that had to do with the church. Yet he had been superintendent of the church school of that church forty-three years and not in the least progressive during the last ten. When he took the office he was twenty-two, young and inexperienced. He became, through practice and experience, a real leader over a long period of years, then he ceased to lead. But he was quite unwilling to resign. He was asked by a committee to do so last year with the hope that a bright, earnest returned soldier of twenty-four, willing to work, would take his place and find new plans

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

that might possibly stop the exodus of the early teens. He said he wanted to complete his forty-fifth year and he added, "What does that young fellow know about superintending a Sunday school?" This unwillingness to give youth the opportunity for practice is closing the door upon leadership that might be finer and more powerful than any we have yet known. Practice is the one great instrument of preparation.

What courage the first time demands. The first trip made alone up into the air with the friendly earth sinking farther and farther away, for what steadiness of nerve it calls! But courage would not suffice—there was practice. At first there was no skill, then a little more, then the day when the young aviator knew exactly what to do with his complex machine and could go alone. Then came the day when he was an ace and the day when high honors were given him. First the day when he is without skill, then the skill that practice alone will give him. If he were refused the opportunity to begin practice and given no encouragement to continue it, there would be no teachers, guides, or leaders in the air. Practice prepares the sailor for the storm, the soldier for the enemy's onslaught, the scientist for his battle with disease, the

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

preacher for his task, the teacher for her class, the physician for his struggle with life and death. Efficiency without practice is impossible.

So many leaders of the past have found the practice that prepared them for great moments in places to which the world would not naturally look for leadership. A loft in a log cabin, a bed of leaves, a burning pine knot by the open fire, three books—these seem strange preparation for an executive mansion and an hour of national crisis; but they did prepare. A lonely fisherman's boat on an inland sea seemed a strange preparation for a sermon to a multitude of men of many tongues and nations three thousand of whom believed. But it helped prepare.

The proud, abstract, scholastic training school of the law is not the place one would choose for the preparation of the man who should one day make his way humbly through the world, courageously enduring torture, hunger and loneliness, preaching a simple gospel at which learning scoffed; but the man so trained proved a leader whom numberless souls have been willing to follow for centuries. Indeed, a manger in the Inn, a sojourn in Egypt, youth and young manhood in a carpenter shop, three years of varied service to

THE PRACTICE THAT PREPARES

a thoughtless, needy, wearying public, now singing praises, now shouting rebukes, a trial with sentence of death on a cross seem so strange a preparation for leading man to God that the mind is staggered by it. Yet the fact remains that Jesus Christ has led men away from narrow confines of time and place, always away from the old and worn out and dead into the new, untried, *living* days. Where men follow him new worlds are born, as Matheson has said in the beautiful prose poetry that prays:

“In the culture of the past, Thou, Jesus Christ, art the *only* modern. None felt with Thee the sympathy for man as man. They felt for man as Greek, as Jew, as Roman, but not as man, or not as hopeless, friendless, landless. Thou hast gone down beneath all qualities, beneath beauty and virtue and fame. Thou hast broken barriers of caste; Thou hast reached the last motive for charity—the *right* of hunger to bread. O Son of man, Thou hast been always before us. Thou hast outrun our Philanthropy; Thou hast anticipated our Charity; Thou hast modelled our Infirmarys; Thou hast planned our Orphanages; Thou hast sketched our Asylums;

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

Thou hast devised our Houses of Refuge; Thou hast projected our Homes of Reform; Thou hast indicated the claims of the returned convict; Thou hast asserted the sacredness of childhood; Thou hast given a hand to climbing woman; Thou hast outstripped both Peter and John in the race to the ancient sepulchre of humanity. At the end of all our stages of progress we meet Thee."

It was those years of practice in lowly service for simple folk that formed habits of sacrifice, of persistent toil, of obedience, of prayer, of loyalty to a purpose which prepared the Man of the carpenter shop for the conquest and leadership of the world.

One who is to search out leaders to be developed dare not scorn any humble spot, and one who hopes to develop the qualities of leadership in himself will not refuse to give and to take every opportunity for the practice that will prepare. Over this stretch on the highway to leadership all must go—or fail.

Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Practice That Prepares."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

VII. The Courage That Faces Fact

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

If it took but the courage of the moment, leadership might be comparatively easy. One may summon courage to face a task or an issue which in a brief space of time must be settled one way or the other; but with the deeper courage essential to true leadership time does not enter in—it must be until the task is done. If the leader fails to complete it, then, with one supreme effort, he pulls together all that he is and has, and setting it on fire with the last breath of his own spirit he throws the torch to those behind. It is the courage that must stand the test not only of great moments but of plodding days, months and years. Such courage faces fact. It faces cold, indisputable fact that has had the hopes and dreams of men of all the centuries hurled against it with no apparent result. It faces fact which, if attacked, will yield only inch by inch, tossing aside as human wrecks many a one who had done battle nobly. It is the courage that calmly faces the fact of human selfishness, the fact

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

of inertia, the fact of ignorance. It is the courage that comes down to the plain of the concrete and sees feeble-minded children, starving children, pitiful, ignorant children, that looks at disease and, undeceived as to the obstacles against which men must be led in the fight against it, dares undertake the conflict. Never were men of courage more aware of fact than today. The world has been drawn very close together, and much that once was but hearsay stands revealed as fact.

It is no ordinary type of courage that today looks at that fact of America's feeble-minded children and attempts to make a dent in the hard shell of their handicap or to stop even at one point the main cause of their poor, twisted brains. It takes courage to face the facts of sin revealed by the draft, facts that would be still more bitter if we took society as a whole. It takes courage to face the fact of sin registered in the innocent children of the third and fourth generation, to know what two generations of right living would do and what a different world this would be in the fifth generation if society as a whole were true to the laws that make for health, and yet face the fact that society is a long way from being true. To face these facts with the burning courage that wages warfare

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

against them in the presence of discouraging statistics—this man has done and is doing.

It takes no ordinary courage to face the tubercular of the nation—young, promising, laid aside in weakness, cut off at the beginning of the race—knowing that it is a preventable disease, yet not prevented even though progress has been made. It thrills one's soul to read the record of those who with unfailing courage are making the fight with preventable disease. Unceasing propaganda—posters, pictures, lectures, conventions, public appeals, house-to-house visitation, patient teaching in public schools; and still there are closed windows, overcrowding, underfeeding, neglected colds, careless habits. Yet step by step the courage that faces fact has reduced the death rate from preventable disease all over America.

One damp, rainy night in midwinter, when slowly melting snow gave to the air the penetrating chill New Englanders endure, a young man boarded a crowded train on which I was a passenger. As we left the train at the station he coughed very hard and expectorated freely as he did so. It was during the influenza epidemic and at the height of the pneumonia wave. As we crossed the street he expectorated again, coughing so hard that

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

he had to stand still for a moment, and again more than once as we came out of the subway to the Common, although signs were everywhere and a heavy fine threatened. Finally, as we turned up the broad path of the Common, I caught up with him and remonstrated. I said I was sure he could read the signs.

He stopped, looked me over calmly, and said with a sneer, "Are you an officer? When an officer catches me, he can fine me."

But I had known young men too long to be driven away by his rudeness. "You see, you look *so* ill," I said, "I thought on the train that you ought to be in a warm bed with plenty of fresh air and good things to eat. You *have* been ill, haven't you?"

He looked at me curiously, then said, "Yes, I've been awfully sick, pneumonia, both lungs. Got to go to work tomorrow, so came in to-night. Room up on the hill."

I asked if I might walk along, as I was to speak that night at Ford Hall. As we walked I told him of the people I knew who had given up life during those ten days past. Men the city could not spare, mothers—one who died on Monday leaving six young children to the care of their distracted father, who contracted the disease on Wednesday and died Friday, and that Sunday night the six little things

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

crying their hearts out had been sent to various Homes,—two splendid promising high-school boys and one girl, three college students—the list was too depressing even to repeat to him.

“So you see,” I said, “when I saw you being so careless, I *had* to speak to you. I knew that it meant more germs and more victims. I never spoke to any one before.”

“Well,” he replied, “I didn’t think. I suppose that is the way somebody handed it to me.”

After a moment or so we said good-night.

The incident depressed me for the moment. He was the product of good schools; he was American born; he had read the notes of warning; he had suffered himself—if all this could not make him reasonably careful, what could!

After the address one of the finest public health nurses talked with me. I told her the incident and added, “What *shall* we do to help them think and compel them to be careful?”

“We shall begin again tomorrow and say it all over again and again and go straight on fighting until some day we win,” she said.

I shall never forget her eyes—they are such keen, brave eyes and have seen so much of

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

human frailty, stupidity and failure. She knows all the facts and she has the courage.

It takes tremendous courage to plunge over the top in the zero hour, but it takes even greater courage to read carefully the report of figures indicating the ravages of the plague, smallpox and typhus, and then calmly prepare a sanitary unit outfit and go to the battleground to fight days, weeks, years, often to die without seeing the battle won. This is the history of those who have done battle with the mosquito, the louse, the flea, the hookworm and *ignorance* for years. They have the courage that faces fact, the spirit that dares combat it whenever it is against the good of man.

"Trying to clean up those lands, or parts of our own land for that matter, is a waste of money and a waste of life," said a man in my presence recently. "There are some people who never will be decent or clean, you might as well let them alone. In time they'll die out," and he went his complacent way without even a concept of the courage that must meet fact with other fact until man is saved.

It takes courage for men and women at work in the field of education to face the facts revealed by the draft, to see how far away

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

from boasted universal education we really are. It takes courage to look at our foreign peoples, our colored people, our mountain people, our people scattered about in lonely, almost forgotten, spots who cannot read or write in any tongue. It takes courage to look at the facts of the inadequate and utterly unfit schoolhouses of great cities and lonely countrysides. It takes courage to face without hopeless fear the fact of the steady stream resolutely turning its face away from the teaching professions and the great army forsaking the teacher's desk in the schools of our country. Yet the courage to face the facts is here, the even greater courage which can face the fact that politics have played and are playing with the task of the making of Americans. The courage is here! It is already revealing a new spirit of leadership. It is too early to prophesy what that leadership may do, but there is reason for hope. It looks as if the day had come when the teaching forces, fighting alone so long against the desperate odds of accumulating ignorance, might count on large groups of the public to aid in the battle. The public school is the most treasured possession of the true American, and he is beginning to face fact with open eyes and a new determination that will

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

be able to make progress even though it be inch by inch.

The forces that are interested in religious education have great need of the courage that will face fact. Religion as a whole has been tempted to look away from fact. The courage that turns and faces it squarely is comparatively new to our day. But that courage is here and it gives hope of leadership. The Protestant Church has been looking at some facts regarding its children.¹ The Inter-church surveys tell us that about one-half of the 53,000,000 children in the United States are members of *any* school of *any* creed where religion is taught. In 1916 our Protestant church schools reported 21,888,521 pupils, but in 1920 it had shrunk to 15,617,060. The Protestant Church as a whole gives to its children 24 hours a year of regular religious teaching as against 335 hours given by the Jewish people to their children and 200 hours given by the Catholic Church to their children.

The value placed by the Protestant Church upon religious education of its youth, if judged by the money contributed for the purpose, would be a shock even to the most indifferent. One of our great city Protestant churches gives \$1.48 per member for its music

¹See *World Outlook*, May, 1920.

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

and 48 cents per member for all the religious training of its youth. It is perhaps a little more than the average proportion. Local surveys have revealed many facts that have spurred to new endeavor men and women who have the wisdom and courage to face them.

The fact that more than half of our children are uninstructed and untrained in religion by any church is a menace to the immediate present and even a greater menace to the days ahead. The present day has its traditions, its inherited standards. The present acts in relation to its past. What of the days ahead when traditions are dimmed, inherited standards less demanding and 26,000,000 of our uninstructed children will be a part of the past, the background for the children of that new day?

One of the most encouraging signs to those who search for qualities of leadership in youth is the apparent hunger for facts. The question, "How do you know?" the request, "Well, give us the facts," fall very often these days from the lips of young men and women. These were once the words of mature minds. It is most hopeful for future leadership that early in their experience the youth of our day is willing to gauge action by fact. At a recent conference of young men some

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

one made a statement that was challenged by the group. The speaker took a paper from his pocket and submitted proved, demonstrated facts and figures with names, dates and places. The effect on the previously hostile group was electric. Action was immediate, plans were adopted, money raised to pay the salary of a man who would combat those facts and release the boyhood of that community from the evil that threatened. To see that group act was most heartening. It was not afraid of fact. Courage rose to meet it.

If we are to have strong leadership in the days ahead, we must train our children to be lovers of fact and unafraid in its presence. We must cultivate in them the spirit that is determined to wipe out facts detrimental to the welfare of man's body, mind, and soul, to encourage in them the willingness to pay the price, often bitter, of a determined fight against facts hidden and distorted to shelter evil or to serve selfish greed.

The history of Christian missions furnishes a wealth of illustrations of men and women in whom burned the courage that can face fact. From the days of the great missionary who faced persecutions, perils by sea and land, cold, hunger, and the sword to the present

THE COURAGE THAT FACES FACT

day that courage is undaunted. There has been no lapse. I sat a few moments the other day with a brilliant girl who goes to a testing-spot. She knows all the facts, the heat, the insects, the loneliness, the gross ignorance, the opposition, the need, and she goes to fight for the welfare of man. And I said good-bye but yesterday to another. She knows all the facts, the terrible poverty, the ravaging disease, the desperate hunger, the menace of the Turk, the torture of heart; but she goes to orphans who have no claim but their need, goes to do battle with facts, to change them that she may save life. Men and women have said to me that these girls are throwing their lives away—that is one quality leadership seems to possess—but lives that are thrown away in this manner have a wonderful way of producing fruit.

The history of explorers records names of men who have faced fact with courage, fought loneliness, temptation, illness, heat and cold to change facts and wring success from deserts, mountains, forests, great stretches of silent snows. Many of the states and all of Alaska bear testimony to courage that has faced fact and developed the nation.

I suppose Cardinal Mercier and Marshal Foch knew facts enough to plunge lesser souls

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

into the inertia of utter despair. Against the facts he knew, the Cardinal stood like a veritable rock; he fought with the courage that faces fact straight without knowledge of fear. Facts so carefully established by tyrants are powerless in the presence of such courage. Marshal Foch faced hourly facts whose full significance probably no other soul knew. "In those moments," he says, "I faced defeat, but I thought Victory." No facts carefully calculated to destroy man's liberty can stand in the presence of a courage like that.

If one is to develop powers of leadership in himself or discover and train them in others, he must cultivate this courage that faces fact, stands by it unflinchingly if it promises the welfare of humanity, fights it unceasingly if it menaces that welfare. One may travel the highway to leadership with hope if he has that courage—without it none can lead.

Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Courage That Faces Fact."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

VIII. The Patience That Teaches

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

All true leaders have one high duty—they walk away from darkness toward the light. It does not matter that they must leave behind easy, familiar pathways, or that toward the light the way is very rough, hard and lonely. If the light be only a gleam, the leader seeks it. He walks slowly over the road. He dare not run as the prophet runs, away ahead of his time and his fellows. He stays near enough for them to see him and to hear his call. Ignorance is the dark, knowledge is the light, and patience leads from the one to the other.

At the base of all human ills, all national and international misunderstandings, is ignorance. Men do not know each other and so they hate each other. One group of men knows nothing of the hopes, ambitions, joys, sorrows and struggles of other groups, and ignorance creates class hatred. One nation has little appreciation of the traditions, manners, customs, ideals and aims of other nations and, in the lack of knowledge, misunderstanding, then national hatred is born.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

The white man knows little of the mystic temperament, the reverence for the past, the passion for recognition, the deliberateness of action of the yellow race, and it in turn cannot appreciate the great outstanding characteristics of the white man. There is mutual misunderstanding and race hatred. Only the patient teaching which means mutual acquaintance and final friendship can break down this barrier of hate.

The other day a mother contentedly fed her baby a hard, greasy doughnut and, because there was too little milk, she added tea and the baby drank it greedily. Convulsions followed. The mother said she did not know such food would hurt the child. Half a block beyond an old man with diseased eyes played with, fondled, and kissed his grandchild, a wee thing of less than a year, and now the baby is blind—the mother did not know the disease was contagious. A young profligate, who drank freely, sowed his wild oats, then reformed suddenly when he fell in love with a beautiful girl, said good-bye to her in the hospital as she died with warm words of love for him upon her lips. It seemed more than he could endure when a doctor told him the cruel truth. He said that he “did not know.” Months later he faced a more terrible ordeal

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

as he looked at the little son that suffering girl had left behind. It would never be as other children. If it lived it would be to endure a life of idiocy. The young man said he "did not know," went out, rowed up the river in his canoe and never came back. Ignorance exacted terrible payment. Only the patience that is willing to teach the ends of the earth can lead from the calamities of ignorance to saving knowledge.

All over the world every day, disease in countless forms is propagated by ignorance. Like a great octopus it has fastened itself upon the peoples of the earth and to fight it takes the very patience of God.

Ignorance is responsible for superstition, and superstition blocks the path of progress. A wonderful girl just returned from the heart of Africa told me of her struggles to teach the girls she had succeeded in gathering into her school to be clean. In certain phases of the moon not a drop of water would they touch. Instruction had not yet been able to overcome taboo. A beautiful Chinese girl told me of her childhood's terror at sight of the two straight bands of steel that foreign devils had dared to lay on the edge of their village. Again and again the men of the village tore them up, but at last soldiers

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

came and the rails stayed. The foreign devils would not believe when they were told that evil spirits follow straight lines and to be safe one must have curves. "All over my wonderful country," said the girl, "superstition says no to so many things that would help us to be the greatest of nations." In America itself in this day of privilege, hotel men in great centers omit room thirteen in their numbering! And supposedly intelligent women are disturbed when they glimpse the moon over the wrong shoulder or let a mirror fall from the hands! Superstition, born in ignorance, takes the patience of centuries to overcome.

Prejudice is born in ignorance, and prejudice warps the souls of men, engenders in them the intolerant spirit, and foils attempts to cooperate in action for the welfare of the world. All these things that lurk in the dark the leader sees, but his eye is fixed on the gleam of light and that compels his onward march.

All the release from ignorance that the world of the moment enjoys has been won by costly sacrifice. When Galileo said the world was round he went to prison. When Martin Luther said man need not fear his God, but might speak to him and ask for help from

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

him, might even love him as a friend, he faced the great trial. When Savonarola reproved evil in high places and demanded purity in word and deed, he was burned at the stake. When Wycliffe wrote the message of God to man in a common tongue, only his ashes were left to float out upon the stream to freedom. When the Pilgrims cried aloud for liberty of soul, they were banished from the homeland to seek their goal across a winter sea in a land of savages.

Prejudice has always persecuted and prejudice is brought into being by ignorance. The leader must give battle to ignorance and so he passionately seeks knowledge. The true leader is always intellectually hungry. He is humble in mind, there is no boasting in him—he is willing to learn. He stands out in bold relief against the background of “cock-sureness,” the noisy display of cheap dogmatism. While he seeks to understand, he is certain that he does not yet know all.

Men have too much of the knowledge which is founded on hearsay and far less than they need of the knowledge founded on deep research and real hunger for fact. On any train in America one may hear, given as fact and vouched for in loud tones by the speaker who “has it straight,” statements about men

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

in public office, leaders in community work, women prominent socially, which awaken hot prejudice, create dangerous misunderstanding and are absolutely without foundation. The leader whose eye is fixed on the light ahead must consecrate his powers to unrelenting battle with these mischief-makers who have no regard for fact and no hunger for truth.

The leaders called for by our day must have understanding souls so big that the ambitions and desires of all sorts and conditions of men shall be appreciated, met with sympathy, strengthened and encouraged if they are right, and turned into new channels if they are wrong. The education of the past has not helped men or nations to understand each other truly. We have taught peculiarities of peoples rather than their great characteristics. Each nation has made comparisons which would add to its own glory rather than do justice to its neighbor. The astonishment registered upon the faces of a thousand high-school pupils when they listened to two patriotic addresses, one by a colored man, the other by an Indian, no teacher in that city will ever forget. In the perfect English of culture, with a delivery unequalled by any of the other speakers of that great day, with arguments clear and convincing, they made

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

their appeal. I remember the surprise of a group of keen young business girls as they listened to an Italian officer's story of Italy's part in the war. To them an Italian was a "dago," a fruit-dealer, a bootblack. This man of world vision, who spoke to them in English, who, though he had never been in America before, knew our history and knew us so well, laughed with us at our foibles, and spoke with genuine appreciation of our virtues, was a revelation.

If we are to develop in our youth of today the spirit that can lead away from class prejudice, national prejudice, and race prejudice into a world where all humanity that has gained knowledge will war together against all ignorance that holds humanity enthralled, we must see to it that our educational system provides opportunity for mutual instruction in the spirit of just and fair appreciation. An educational system that fails to do this will also fail to provide leaders for a day when the problems of the world as a whole will also be the great problems of each nation.

Perhaps in no realm of human experience is superstition more rampant, ignorance deeper, and prejudice stronger than in religion. To study in any thorough manner the superstitions that cluster about the re-

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

ligions of the earth and their effect upon human history would take a lifetime. To be able to grasp in any full sense the downward pull of the ignorance which various religions have tolerated and encouraged and for which they are responsible, would mean another lifetime. But we know enough to realize that the greatest hindrance to progress toward higher civilization is in the religions that teach superstition and perpetuate ignorance. It is for this reason that we look with joy at every endeavor to carry the liberty-giving concepts of Christianity to all the world.

When there stand before us examples of what a liberty-giving religion that banishes all fear and all subservience can do in the form of those who at ten were living in dirt and poverty and squalor, the victims of superstition, and at thirty are cultured, refined Christian men and women, trained, leading their people out of the darkness, and taking their part in a new world's making, it is no wonder that a passion to increase their numbers seizes those who see the light. Every honest Christian knows, however, that the numbers of those who have been led into the light are pitifully few. There will never be large numbers until leaders succeed in removing the prejudice that keeps religion apart

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

from life and separates Christian peoples into so many divisions that power is lost. Against that prejudice the patience that is willing to teach is the only weapon.

Over against patient constructive teaching, men have always set violence. In various periods of the world's history, violence has predominated and much that patience won so dearly has been momentarily lost. But after the wild onslaught of violence, men have had to begin again the patient teaching that saves. They have not yet learned to anticipate violence by such wise and universal teaching that ignorance opens its eyes and sees light. It is for that reason that we need so desperately at this hour leaders who can teach.

The growth of liberty and democracy are impossible without the patience that teaches. Those who are confident that democracy is more than a word must be at the task of teaching day and night, at this moment in the world's development. There is much to do. The people must be taught to hate the sword, to put it out of their thinking as a means of growth. They must be taught to settle differences in reasonable discussion around a table before, not after, countless crosses line a thousand hillsides and starvation stalks through desolate cities. They must

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

be taught how to frame some sort of strong, invincible union against those who, in self-seeking greed, determine to destroy life and all that life holds dear. The people of all the earth must be taught to hate uncleanness and to fight it to the death and to love sunlight and seek it at all costs. The peoples of so-called civilized lands must be so taught that hopeless poverty and city slums are intolerable to them. They must be so taught that the thought of profit at the expense of the body, mind, or soul of any human being is hateful to them. They must be so taught that the discovery of ways and means of bettering the environment and raising the standard of inheritance for the children of the world shall have as great fascination for keen minds as the explorations and inventions in the material world have held in the past. They must be so taught that, freed from ignorance, poverty and superstition, they will seek God, finding in him that satisfaction which, despite all their seeking after things, they have failed to find.

For the assurance of the success of the patience that teaches we must turn to childhood and youth. There is much to encourage us. I remember, more than ten years ago, leaving a certain school district I had visited,

THE PATIENCE THAT TEACHES

depressed indeed by what I saw of physical unfitness—weak eyes, open mouths, diseased teeth. In a recent visit the change was a miracle—a miracle wrought by the patience that teaches. The children were clean. In the second and third grades they proudly showed me their teeth and told me about their “fillings.” There were many pairs of glasses that had banished nervousness. Mouths were closed and breathing corrected. The Health Club report was thrilling. Hope for the future and joy over the accomplishment of the ten years past walked home with me that day.

Years ago in a neighborhood fast earning an undesirable reputation, a group of boys planned mischief, annoyance to neighbors and shopkeepers and finally robbery. There were arrests, and criminal records began. Then a settlement home was established and every hour of the day and late into the night patience taught. That neighborhood has had no juvenile court cases for six years. A daily vacation Bible school has opened in the great, cool basement of a church where, under direction, through scorching summer days, children play, study, sing, make things, and then rest. A Young Men’s Christian Association has opened a swimming-pool and a gym-

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

nasium. The patience that teaches is at work, and the result is cleanliness and character that will bring blessing and not menace to America's future.

For encouragement in the task, the patience that teaches can turn to Infinite Patience, still teaching with confidence after all the centuries.

If I am to develop within myself or discover and train in others the qualities of leadership for which our day so eagerly waits, I must have the patience that teaches. With it another long stretch on the highway to leadership may be triumphantly passed.

Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Patience That Teaches."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

IX. The Will That
Persists

CHAPTER NINE

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

"I will," registered in action for the good of the individual and of society, is the strongest character-making force in human experience. It is also the keynote of all accomplishment in every line of great endeavor. The path of human progress is lined with the wrecked hopes of those who had visions but lacked the will to persist until the vision was realized in fact.

The successful pioneer in all periods of exploration has had the courage to persist. The wilderness has not daunted him; mighty rivers have not stopped him; deserts have not been able to discourage him; mountains have not long blocked his way; savages, wild beasts, scorching, blighting heat, bitter, benumbing cold have not been able, save for the moment, to triumph over him.

The pioneer in music, in art, in literature, in science has written his record of progress by the sheer force of the "I will." It has cost him much; it has sent him to bed hungry and sleepless; it has shut him away from the sympathy of his fellows; it has plunged him

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

into weary days of waiting when even hope died; but it has persisted and at last won.

The pioneer in every experiment for human betterment has had the will to persist. He also has had to walk the way of hardship and opposition. Not only has he had to fight the human parasites that live on the weaknesses of their fellows and resent deeply any interference with their prey, but he has had to do battle with the prejudice that clings to old ways and will have none of the new. I suppose that seldom in the history of human effort for human good has there been met by an individual such opposition as that faced by Florence Nightingale when she started out to the Crimean Peninsula with her vision of the hospital on the field of battle—lack of sympathy and confidence at home, indifference and scoffing in the government, baffling disease, unspeakable horrors, dirt and doubt on the field itself. But the will to persist despite all brought success at the end of the long road, a success that paved the way for the saving service of the Red Cross. The pioneers in medicine, in surgery, in work for public health, all have been kept moving toward the goal by the *will* which would not let them go until the thing was done.

The pioneers in education in all its varied

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

forms have met the same challenging obstacles, battled with them and overcome them, only to find new foes ahead who must be met and defeated in turn—it is a constant warfare, with new pioneers at every branch of the road, and no hope for final victory save through the will to persist.

The pioneers in the field of freedom and justice for women—what jeers, censure, ridicule and mockery they have endured, but the will to persist is carrying them through! The pioneers in the work of protecting childhood, giving it a chance to play, to grow, to enter into manhood and womanhood without the stunted body, the handicapped mind, the dwarfed soul that are the product of child labor, have known and still know the meaning of the open fight, the hidden attack, haughty indifference, and organized opposition, but the will to persist shall one day win.

The pioneers in the battle to rid the world of the curse of alcoholic intoxication now meet the full force of the enemy, but the will to persist is here also.

The pioneers in religion, as each new gleam of light on far horizons calls for adventures in new fields, have met the onslaught of foes with the will to persist. What mockings and scourgings, what scathing judgments by their

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

fellows! Again and again the prison cell, the stake, the slow torture of ostracism have been their fate. In foreign lands they have faced a score of deaths daily, waited forty years for one human soul to say, I believe; but the will to persist has opened a broad pathway to success.

Comparatively few among the mass of men have had the will to persist to the end. I drove recently in a bright new shining Cadillac with a man of sixty-five. He was keen, sturdy, perfectly well, and he ran his machine with unusual skill over rough, dangerous roads. When we reached the crest of the hill he showed me the acres of wheat fields and on the other side of a rising slope the alfalfa. "Forty-three years ago," he said, "all but one acre of that land was uncultivated waste. It was a dry year and the meager crop of that acre was all that lay between me and defeat. If there was a more discouraged young man anywhere in America, I don't know where you could have found him. An older man who had come out with me was called back East by the death of his father. When he said good-bye he slapped me on the back and said, 'Hold on to the land, Joe. Don't give up the thing you came out here for. Some day this land will be worth five

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

hundred dollars an acre!’ Then we both laughed. Well,” he said, pausing a moment, “it is worth five hundred dollars an acre.” Then we drove on. When we had crossed the irrigation ditch, he pointed to a shabby shanty on the next hill. “The fellow that lives there,” he said, “came out here two years after I did, got discouraged and moved on. He’s been moving on ever since and now has come back where he started. He hasn’t done anything—he isn’t worth a penny. Wish he’d had the sense to stick it out somewhere.”

I could not help looking with admiration at the sturdy figure beside me. The will to persist had won for him the rich fields below and the comfortable home on the sheltered hillside. It had enabled him to send his son to college and his daughter East to study music. And he was not confined to his home in that spot far from great centers, for his mind reached out into all the world and his stalwart character and wholesome philosophy, as he discussed the problems of the day, awakened new hope for tomorrow. The will to persist has won achievement for him and has given to him real leadership of a section of American life whose voice is heard and respected from coast to coast. All that has

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

been given to him has been denied to the poor fellow in the shanty who, without the will to persist, became a wanderer and has only the memory of his wanderings now that the years have gone.

If ever the world in general and America in particular needed the will to persist, it is now. Youth finds itself surrounded by the spirit of restlessness. The world does not know what it wants and its uncertainty is reflected in youth. It is a cause for deep concern that so many of our pupils in high schools and even in senior classes in colleges have no idea what they want to do. Even ten years ago, a large percentage of our senior girls in high schools had a definite goal. They were entering college to prepare for some special thing. It is not true today. In personal interviews, one girl after another tells me what father or mother would like to have her do, but she seems to lack interest in it herself. This is partly because, in so many more cases than in the past, she is not forced to look forward to earning her own livelihood. But, among the girls who must look forward to self-support unless they should marry, there is the same uncertainty. The boys nearing graduation have expressed the hope that some door will open or have

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

felt certain that something good will turn up—"There's lots of opportunities these days." Statements of this sort are especially prevalent among the so-called good American stock.

This state of mind on the part of large numbers of American youth will mean a continual loss in the material out of which leadership is made. To many who have studied conditions, the absence of a goal and the lack of power to persist seem easily traced, first to the upheaval of the years of war and then to the chaos of the reconstruction. But, although war explains conditions, the fact remains that they must be met. They must be met by the introduction of ideals big enough and challenging enough to call to youth. In the homes of the rich and the poor, the privileged and the handicapped, there must be some point of interest outside the next day's pleasure, the movie star, the money that is being made. In multitudes of homes, and many of them where it would be least expected, conversation never passes outside the boundary of gossip, amusements, and possessions. A friend the other day found the fifteen-year-old daughter of a professor in a theological school busy with her folders of motion picture actresses. Her collection of

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

autographed pictures now mounts into the hundreds. The girl comes from a long line of thinking men and women who have rendered real service to their fellows, but her home and her day have furnished her with no greater interest than this collecting mania, which shows its effect in her dress and hair, her conversation, general air of sophistication and the little vanity bag which is her constant companion.

Every thinking man or woman, concerned over the lack of leadership in our day and the danger that we shall not develop it for tomorrow, cannot escape the duty of doing his full share to impress upon the American home the heavy weight of responsibility resting upon it and especially upon the homes that, because of background and tradition, ought to measure up to their privilege. Leadership without homes where ideals are constantly present will be increasingly difficult to find. The responsibility of providing ideals equal to the demand of our day must be shared, of course, by community, school, and church, but the heaviest responsibility must rest where it belongs—*upon the home*.

The will to persist cannot be cultivated without the presence of a goal, and unless boys and girls now in high school and college

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

can be given some goals and some incentives to reach them, so far as leadership is concerned, we are lost.

Our youth have the right to know the power of the will that persists and the value to the world of the will that persists for *good*. There may have been in our instruction in the past too much of the biography and autobiography of the men who pushed their way past one obstacle after another until they wrung success from environments that promised none and developed character by the fight. Their own lives bear testimony to that fact that, if they won success measured in money alone, they never led—they drove, and they have met their fate. Character alone makes for leadership. Youth has a right to hear it said again and again and to have the illustrations of it pointed out in life. Youth has a most encouraging way of responding to ideals and challenges even after unworthy things have made a place in their minds, but the will to persist until the response is registered in action is very difficult indeed to give to those to whom true discipline is unknown.

After most earnest study of the ways and means by which worthy ambitions may be awakened in youth, after careful search for

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

facts and years of testing of conclusions, I am convinced that the response of youth to the call of the great principles of religion is the strongest factor in the development of the will that persists. In answering the call of Jesus Christ to follow him, I have seen boys with bad habits, weak wills, and no ambition transformed into eager students with clean minds and clean habits. I have seen their weak wills grow strong as they met one obstacle after another standing in the path of the goal. I have looked at them with surprise and joy when the years had made of them business men, engineers, physicians, preachers and teachers who are beginning to show the power of leadership.

I have seen weak-willed, selfish girlhood, when it has answered the call, changed through the years into strong, wise, unselfish, responsible womanhood, able to lead. I am certain that there is no other incentive to the development of the will that persists that can equal in power the response to the call and the acceptance and loyal allegiance to the purpose and program of Jesus Christ.

Without the power of persistence, the hope for strong leadership is but a will-o'-the-wisp, a phantom, a mirage in a desert. Over the difficult stretch of the will that persists

THE WILL THAT PERSISTS

all must pass if they have to reach the goal
at the end of the highway to leadership.

*Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of
"The Will That Persists."*

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

X. The Confidence That
Dares Dream

CHAPTER TEN

THE CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

The fate of dreamers is a most fascinating study, and to read history in the light of dreamers and their dreams fires its dull facts with interest. So many men have dreamed of empire. In their dreams they saw themselves masters of the whole world, they spoke, and life or death, happiness or enslavement for millions resulted from the word. Such visions were madly intoxicating, and the dreamers were willing to put everything they had into preparation for the great day when the dreams should be realized. Alexander dreamed, planned, fought, threw in all that he had, and then met the fate. Julius Cæsar dreamed a dream of magnificent splendor, of unlimited power, but the world was never his—he met the fate. Charlemagne dreamed, the Saracen dreamed, Napoleon dreamed; but with each succeeding century the dream of one-man power for a world has been harder to realize, and that despite the fact that implements of warfare have grown more terrible in effectiveness and trained man-power more

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

abundant. In our own day, William Hohenzollern, as we saw in a previous chapter, followed his predecessors. But the dream and the preparation for its fulfillment exceeded in thoroughness anything the world had ever seen. For the realization of the vision, he was willing to sacrifice everything, even the sacred honor of his people. For it he bargained their souls and his own. He had the confidence of a dreamer but the dream was of self and for self. Into it there entered no passion for the welfare of men, no thought of service rendered to need, and so he met the fate.

All the confidence possible to a human being is not enough to insure the certain realization of a dream unless that dream be made of the stuff that will ultimately bless mankind. In this one may find the fundamental source of hope. Deep down under all the maze and chaos of things, there is operating a law of right, and the greatest power on earth is the confidence inspired in the minds and hearts of those whose dreams are in harmony with that law. It is such confidence that makes for leadership.

Never in the history of the world was the confidence that dares dream in harmony with the law more needed than at this moment.

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

The past is filled with the names, glorious names, of those who have so dreamed. They have dreamed in the realm of freedom. It was that dream which gave the world the Magna Charta, the Bible in the common tongue, the opportunity to worship God according to conscience, the dawn of true representative government. They have dreamed in the realm of material things, and out of their dreaming has come communication of man with man all over the earth, the gradual shrinking of space, the slow drawing together of peoples. Telegraph and cable, telephone and wireless, steamboat and ocean liner, trolley and train and motor, the plane in the air, the machines in millions of factories, the trade marts of nations, the captive forests, the miners that worm their way to costly treasure: all these have been the outcome of dreams, dearly paid for by the sweat of the brow and the toil of the mind of great souls who had the confidence that dares; and on the whole these dreams fulfilled have brought blessing to mankind. They have made man master of time and space, helped him conquer the handicap of physical universe, they promise greater freedom for the day ahead. Yet they are not enough. In the years since that awful August day when modern civilized

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

government was so suddenly shaken, men have seen that it was not enough. The day for adventure in the realm of the spirit is here and the world can go but little farther on the upward path until adventurers with the confidence that dares dream in this realm shall lead.

We have not yet tried the power of the spirit of man enkindled by the law of right. Religion, as a practical means of solution for the misunderstanding and injustice that loom so large in man's relation to man, has been given but weak testings here and there by individuals and isolated groups. We have not been able to test religion for several reasons—we have not agreed as to what religion is: we have come to no unanimous conclusion as to whether it is something for the cloister or something for the home, the street, the nation, the world; we disagree heartily as to the terms, the names, the forms, the vocabularies that express it; those that have clung most earnestly to what seem to be its fundamental principles and used them as a guide in daily living have not been in places of power except in rare instances—men have not wanted them there. “You cannot mix religion and business,” and, “You cannot mix religion and politics,” are axioms that

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

end many a heart-searching discussion on adventures in the world of spiritual man. But the day that is upon us calls for the mixing, and the sooner it comes the better for the race.

The adventurer who undertakes the task will need the same power to visualize his dream that Marconi had. When there *was* no wireless he saw it, he heard its call over dark waters where proud vessels struggled with fire or with storm and were doomed. He heard the answer, he saw the rescue.

Laboring alone in his shop, laughed at and scoffed at when he mentioned his dream, Robert Fulton saw his little boat propelled by steam make its way, first hesitantly, then confidently, then triumphantly, up the blue water of the Hudson. The man who dreamed of the airplane saw it in the sky when those who doubted kept their eyes upon the ground; the men who dreamed of irrigation saw deserts transformed into gardens while yet the water was hundreds of miles away buried in lonely canyons.

In like fashion, the adventurer in the realm of the spirit will see his dream visible, real, and at work. He will see it compelling exploitation to cease—the exploitation of childhood, of women, of the foreigner, of the

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

ignorant, the poor, the weak—and every exploiter rendered powerless by public opinion aroused to action. He will see his dream overcoming suspicion, the suspicion which to-day is creating havoc with the world. Suspicion is a deadly thing, as hard to fight, as difficult to destroy as is superstition in backward lands. Today suspicion muddies the water of pure springs of action. “Mr. W—— has raised the pay of all his employees and granted them a good many other privileges, it was announced this morning,” said a friend to the laboring man who sat beside him in the trolley. “That so?” said the man. “Wonder what’s up? Something is behind it.” “Mrs. L—— say she’s got to go up again on the price of her butter,” said a neighbor. “She says she cannot bear to do it and has waited until now hoping she would not be forced to, but she’s got to do it.” “Wonder if she expects us to *believe* it?” was the response. “The Rev. Mr. D—— has been down to the shops speaking to the men, gave a fine talk at the labor union last night,” said one young man to another. “Yes, I heard he did,” was the answer. “Wonder what he has up his sleeve.” On every side one meets suspicion, much of it deep and very bitter. Society has been permitting it

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

to grow rapidly, feeding it and fostering it by every sort of propaganda in word and deed, but society does not know what to do with the fruit of the seed it has sown. One thing is certain, but little progress can be made in national and international relationships until the grip of suspicion is loosened. The adventurer with the confidence that dares dream sees the day when human relationships shall be permeated by the fundamental principles of religion, purposes and desires shall be plainly stated, ulterior motives defeated and diplomacy shall sit around the tables of the world working in the clear light of public knowledge. It will be a great day! The world of the moment does not want it. It cannot let go of the old bargainings, secret alliances and special privilege. But the dreamer desires it with deep desire that will not be satisfied until it comes. The same force that compelled and impelled men to lay the cable, to tunnel the mountains, to bore a way through two continents, to search for the poles will, in the realm of spirit, drive them one day to a realization of the dream. Again we turn to youth to see if there are in it qualities of leadership for this high task. There are. They need cultivation, training and direction.

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

"I do not want to go into business," said a young man to me in a recent conversation, "at least not into the business where I have a good opening. I'd like to get down to the business of helping people to be right and do right, to sort of clean up this old world, and I don't know the best way to do it."

Driving through one of the most overcrowded, hopeless, menacing sections of a great city, one of the young men in the car said simply and with great earnestness, "I'd like to get into the game of cleaning this thing up. It's all wrong in an intelligent country like this. I've thought lately I'd like to give my life to it. I've got more income than I need to live decently on, but I didn't earn it. I'd like to get into this thing and sort of invest the income, you might say. I don't know just how to *start*, that's the trouble. What ought to be done?"

I found a young Italian, a college senior, teaching a class in Americanization and was greatly interested in the way he did it. He told me that he is to study law. "I want to be a lawyer," he said, "so that some of the things that are happening now to foreigners cannot happen. I speak some Russian and some Polish. I'm studying both languages. Of course I have Italian and English. I

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

know I won't get rich, and I may be a fool as some say I am, but I want to help these people and, believe me, they need it. It's the only thing I'm interested in." His keen, intelligent face convinced me that he will find a way to express that interest.

The number of girls who, in this careless, extravagant, pleasure-mad, materialistic moment, are eager for social service of every sort, willing to endure hardship, to go to all quarters of the globe, gives an assurance that the qualities of leadership into new adventures of the spirit where ways shall be found to mix religion with life in such a way that it shall purify and sweeten it are present in the youth of today. For the discovery and training of such leadership to whom shall we look if the church fails us? It dare not fail; this is the hour of its greatest test.

The confidence that dares dream is, after all, but an intensified form of faith. I do not mean the hackneyed word so lightly said, so much abused. I mean the vital thing, the absolute confidence that God *can* and man *can*, and that God *will* and man *will*, the confidence that enables one to stand undefeated even in the presence of a world's spiritual failure and defeat. It is the deep assurance which comforted the soul of a young man

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

of thirty who lay desperately wounded and alone all night in a shell hole while the battle roared about him. "I didn't expect to come out alive," he wrote long afterward. "The wound bled profusely and I was very weak. I accepted death, I was not afraid, and, strangely enough, I was not unwilling to go. I *knew*, as I have never known anything before, that God could triumph over the forces that had brought all this upon the world. I did not seem to count except as a part of that great giant man of whom I was conscious—a sort of composite man you might say, made up of all of us. I knew *that* man could win over the *brute* and that some day he would. I had a deep conviction that God and man together in the fight could make the world good—a place where man could be happy and enjoy life. It was a new faith for me and I must keep it. I've got to keep it, for the old way of thinking will never satisfy me again."

He is typical of many who, these days, in the midst of all the turmoil and madness, have found something new in religion, something deeper and stronger, more truly life-giving than they had ever experienced in the days when the world went smoothly on in accustomed ways. This deep new confidence in the purpose and the goal of life is the thing

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

that is stirring the soul of youth and making it dream, not of empire, not of national aggrandizement, not of new machinery to turn the wheels of every day, but of new men equal to the task of feeding a world spiritually starved.

The confidence that dares dream is giving to religion hands and feet, mind and heart, making it very simple, very concrete and bidding it go out from the church to seek the breeding-places of greed and destroy them, to fight the thing at its source before it does its deadly work and secures its victims and slaves.

Despite the sense of disappointment in the spiritual conquests won by all the glorious sacrifice of the hideous warfare through which we have passed, one finds, as he talks with youth, a new faith, a deep conviction that the fight with evil is now on indeed and the days ahead must see it vanquished. The earnest youth who have looked at man's greed, his cruelty, his personal sins, vulgar and soul-destroying, face to face, on a scale such as youth has never been compelled to see them before, seem to have come out of it all with a deep sense of fundamental goodness. "Some men are bad, too bad through and through even to tolerate on the earth," said a young

THE HIGHWAY TO LEADERSHIP

lad to me as we sat overseas one April morning looking down at a prison camp. "But more are good. Think of the fellows that have come through this clean. Somehow it's easier always to see the scum, isn't it?" Yes, it is.

Through a field in which I love to walk flows an interesting brook about eight feet wide. Before it reaches the field, deposits from some vats in a manufacturing plant are permitted to flow into it every Saturday noon. When I first saw it I was greatly distressed. The scum was disgusting and ruined the sparkling beauty of the water. But when I walked through the field on Sunday the scum had gone. The brook flowed rapidly and its deep current was clean—it came from hidden springs in the hills. The scum was heavy, but it could not withstand the power of that strong, clean current—it was swept away. The confidence that dares dream looks at the scum on the surface of the stream of human life and knows that the day will come when it will be swept away.

This was the confidence of Jesus Christ. No man saw as he saw the sins of the world and none trusted as he did the good that his keen eyes saw beneath the sin and failure. What man was he saw—what he was to be

CONFIDENCE THAT DARES DREAM

he saw. So marvelous was the vision that he was willing to give up a crown, accept a cross, and then challenge men through all ages to follow him. That confidence that dared dream is in the world and those who most fully share it shall in the days ahead most truly lead.

The next great adventure of human society must be with the spirit of man, and for that adventure we may trust the confidence that dares dream. Without it none can hope to discover and train true leaders, nor can he hope to develop in himself those powers that will send him out among his fellows as a leader—one who leads.

Profoundly conscious of God, striving as he has through the centuries to express his will for the good of mankind everywhere over all the earth, one may learn to give in joyous abandon and absolute confidence all that he is to share in the realization of the dream. *The day that is will not daunt him, for he will see the day that is to be.*

Test the so-called leaders of the past and present by the test of "The Confidence That Dares Dream."

Test those who you think have capacity for leadership.

Test yourself.

